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WHY THE CARY GRANTS CALLED IT QUITS!

MARCH • 25¢

Screenland

PLUS

TV-LAND

Ann Sothern: Who's a dumb blonde?

The life and death of Tyrone Power

Paul Newman: "I'm no rebel!"

BRIGITTE BARDOT

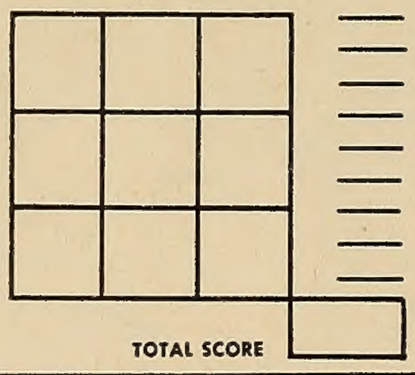
AN INVITATION TO ALL READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

YES, YOU ENTER FREE! — AND THERE ARE NO JINGLES TO COMPOSE, NO STATEMENTS TO WRITE!

HERE IT IS—the NEW Molle Quickie Contest—it's FAST, it's FAIR, it's FUN, and it costs you nothing to enter. No wonder the Quickie Contest has, almost overnight, become America's favorite puzzle game for the entire family! Study the Sample Puzzle at right—there are NO Tricks, NO Catches—this is a contest based on SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! QUICK enough? FAIR enough? FUN enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE

1. First identify the object shown below.
2. Enter the name of this object somewhere in the puzzle frame.
3. Then select other words from the Official Word list to complete a solution to this puzzle. Three words must read **across** and three words must read **down.** Each of the letters used is worth a certain number of points as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the **nine** letters used and you've got a Total Score for this Official Puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.



TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ABB	BEG	DUN	NET
ACE	BIS	DUO	ORA
ADD	BOO	EAT	ORE
ADZ	DEN	EGO	PUP
AGE	DID	ERA	SEA
ALA	DIE	GET	TEA
ALB	DIG	HUM	TON
ATE	DOE	ICE	TOO
BAT	DOG	JUS	ZOO
BED	DUG	LOO	

OFFICIAL LETTER VALUES

A — 10		N — 10	
B — 10		O — 10	
C — 5		P — 5	
D — 10		Q — 0	
E — 10		R — 10	
F — 7		S — 2	
G — 10		T — 10	
H — 9		U — 8	
I — 3		V — 7	
J — 1		W — 5	
K — 8		X — 4	
L — 10		Y — 2	
M — 6		Z — 10	

BONUS PRIZE! GET SOMEONE ELSE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS PRIZE OF AN EXTRA $500 CASH IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE!

To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

EASY RULES

1. ENTRY COUPON. Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—**but add them only once as shown** in the sample! The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. PRIZES. The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

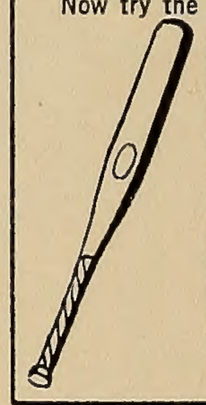
3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER. This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over $500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. TIES. Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions **to compete for the $1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize** At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. DATES. Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.



B 10	A 10	T 10	10
I 3	C 5	E 10	10
S 2	E 10	A 10	10
			3
			5
			10
			2
			10
			10
		TOTAL SCORE	70

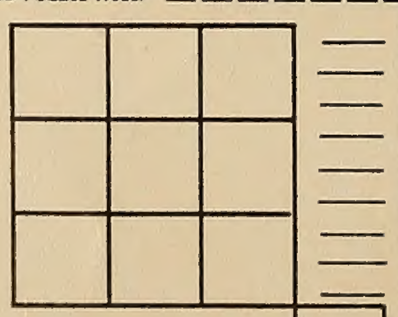
AVAILABLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)

1. My Name .....
2. My Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MY TOTAL SCORE 27

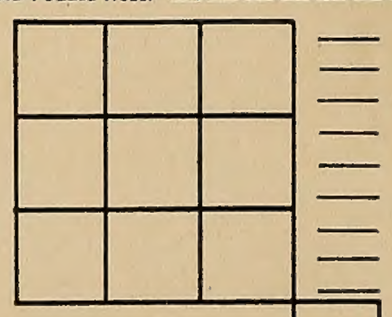
MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)

1. My Name .....
2. My Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MY TOTAL SCORE 27

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

FEB -2 1959 B 757696

Don't try to brush bad breath away- reach for Listerine!

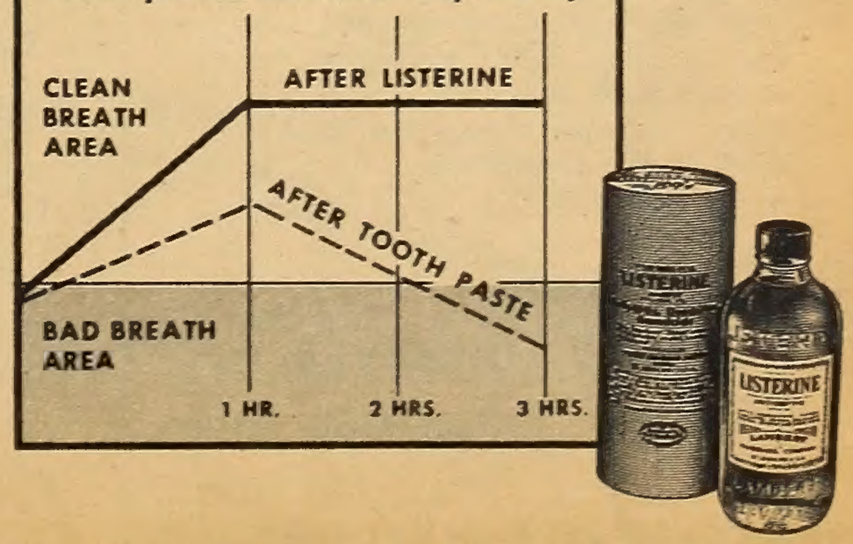
Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

DON'T TRY TO BRUSH BAD BREATH AWAY

Chart proves Listerine's superiority



Reach for Listerine

. . . Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

Get SOLO'S petal-smooth pins . . . and you'll never get stuck again. Rubber-Tipped—no sharp ends to cut, catch or scratch. So smooth and easy to open, SOLO completely protects teeth and nails. Get a card today . . . pin-curl your hair tonight. You'll find it doesn't hurt to be beautiful!

SMOOTHER TIPS
STRONGER GRIP

* Plastic

At Notion Counters Everywhere

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 60, No. 11
March, 1959

IRA PECK — EDITOR
Ruth Fountain — Managing Editor
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ON THE COVER: BRIGITTE BARDOT, CURRENTLY STARRING IN THE UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE, "WOMAN AND THE PUPPET"

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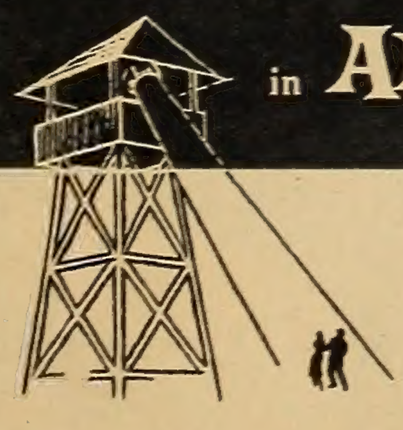
There is
a borderline
for every man and woman...

DEBORAH KERR crosses it with YUL BRYNNER

in ANATOLE LITVAK'S Production of



"the JOURNEY"

Co-Starring

ROBERT MORLEY • E. G. MARSHALL • With KURT KASZNAR DAVID KOSSOFF • MARIE DAEMS • And Introducing JASON ROBARDS, JR.

Screen Play by GEORGE TABORI • TECHNICOLOR® • AN ALBY PRODUCTION • Produced and Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK • Presented by M-G-M

It's great to have fun!

Great to be young, to be gay! To dance and have fun! To be at your best—every day of the month! Great to forget about "problem days"! Because you choose Tampax® internal sanitary protection!

Tampax helps you feel so *free!* Free to dance, ride, bowl—even swim—with perfect protection, complete security. For Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. Can't chafe, bind, cause odor. It's by far the most *comfortable* protection and, the *daintiest*—especially for changing and disposal. It's the modern way.

Wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Marilyn Monroe to forsake Hollywood for good?
- A different Yul Brynner in the offing

THIS IS Sheilah Graham reporting from Hollywood, the oasis where Elizabeth Taylor can ask for one million dollars cash for one picture, and new star Diane Varsi is so hard up that she could not afford to rent a car for three days when her Volkswagen was smashed by a chum in an auto accident. . . . Talking of Miss Varsi, she will be 21 years old in February and she is so relaxed these days that her checks actually bounced because her new state of ease changed her signature! . . . And to go back to Elizabeth, a top male star who asked to be nameless, told me that the best thing that could possibly happen for Liz and Eddie Fisher would be some visits to a psychiatrist to help them find the answer to what they really want in life.

And as for Debbie, while all the sympathy is on her side, it is now an established fact that her marriage to Fisher was extremely rocky and it was just a question of *when* the break-up would come. Of course Debbie is the innocent victim, but when a marriage is creaky, both partners are usually to blame.

Lauren Bacall sidesteps those "Are you carrying a torch for Frank Sinatra?" questions with, "No, but I still want to get married." No matter who the girl is, it seems that Mr. Sinatra doesn't. . . . And I doubt whether Brigitte Bardot will ever forgive him for jilting the picture they were to have made together. . . . And of all the Bardot *bon mots,* I like this one the best—the man from Mars who landed at her feet and stated, "Take me to your leader—later." . . . Jayne Mansfield's new bathroom has fur-lined floors, ditto walls and ceilings. What, no fur-lined tub?

Do not invite Elvis Presley to Russia, where they refer to him as a psychological tool of "western warmongers." I prefer Elvis with his short Army haircut and trimmer figger. Don't you? . . . Errol Flynn's reason for not staying with the "Jane Eyre" play—"Mr. Hartford (the producer) regards the dialogue as sacred as the Koran, immortal and unchangeable." Errol adds that it was unspeakable too. He is being sued now for half a million dollars for the walk-out. . . . When Jerry Lewis and Donald O'Connor met in the X-ray Room at a local hospital,

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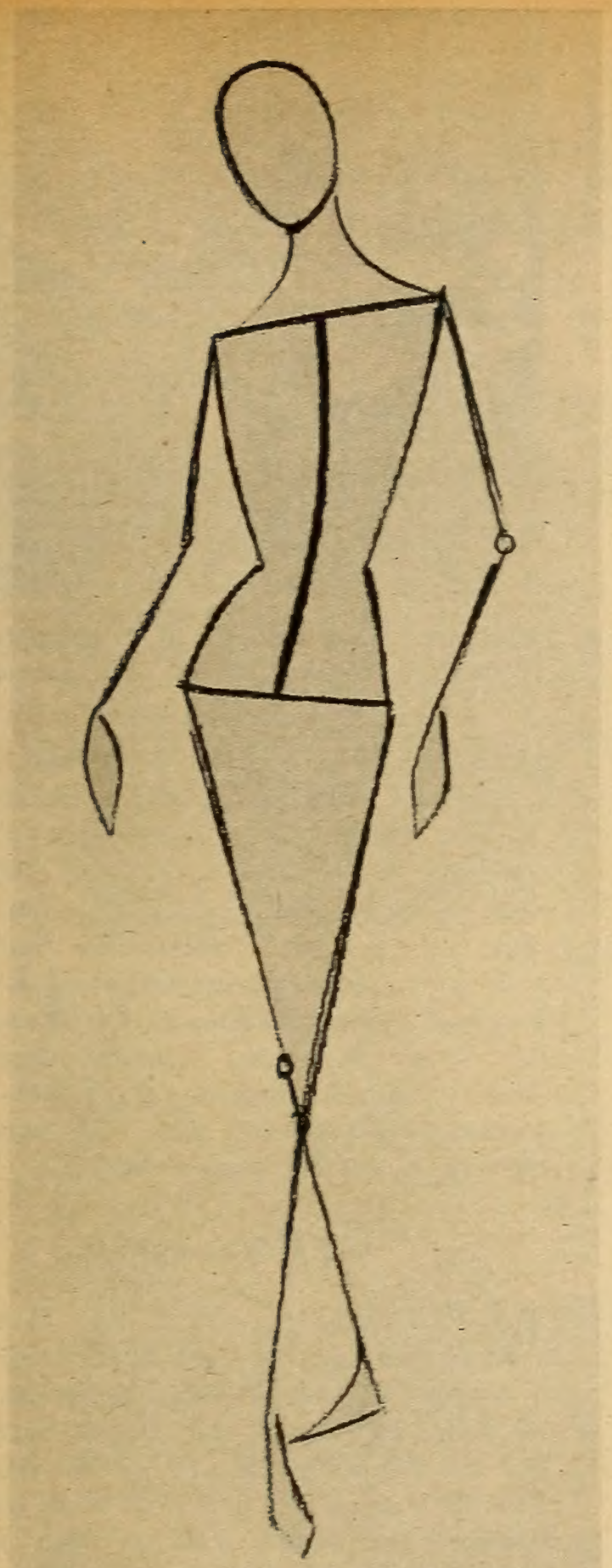
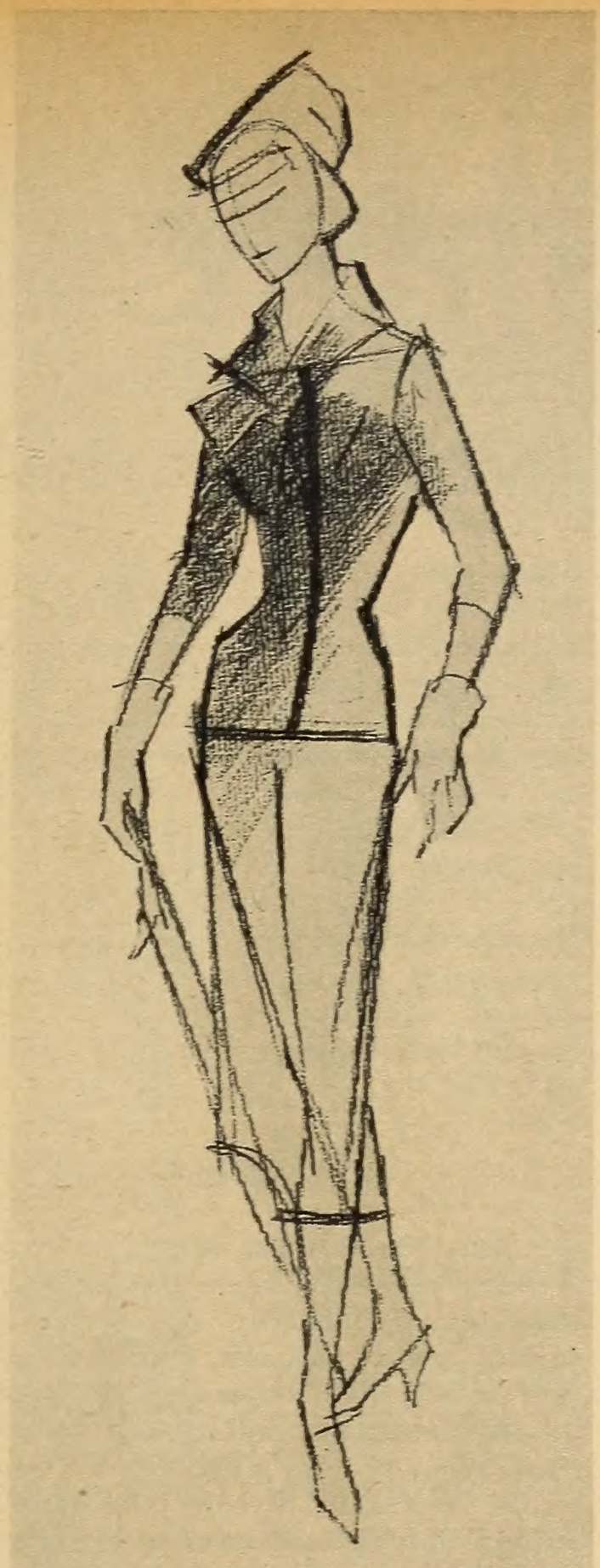
A NURSES' benefit party in England finds Ava Gardner graciously signing autographs.

WELL on her way to Hollywood renown is Linda Cristal, a newcomer from Argentina.



Practice making "stick figures." Soon you will get the knack of catching figure action in a few strokes of your pencil.



Draw a center line on your figure. Place center of garment to conform with this line. Sketch main lines of garment.

With practice, many a beginner in art has acquired the skill to succeed in the glamorous world of fashion drawing.

drawing fashions

by Hedvig Angelikis, Fashion Artist

HOW TO START to learn fashion drawing? Practice with "stick figures." This will help you get a natural lifelike pose. In the first figure above, the heavy line indicates the spine—the pivot of action. Remember that the fashion figure is very tall and slim. These pointers—and many more—are given in the Fashion Illustration textbook supplied to students of Art Instruction, Inc., world's largest home study art school.

For men and women with talent and training, the expanding field of fashion art offers exciting work. You can prepare for this field, or any other type of commercial art, right at home in your spare time.

Professional artists at Art Instruction, Inc. will tutor you by mail. This school has been teaching commercial art for over forty years. Many of its former students are now earning from $150 a week to over $50,000 a year in art. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with Art Instruction, Inc. No other school has so large a group of commercial artists among its former students.

If you like to draw, and are intrigued by the idea of an art career, train for it!

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION, personal guidance, is given each student of Art Instruction, Inc. You follow step-by-step lesson assignments based on the illustrated art textbooks that come with your course.

You do your lesson work at home. Your work is reviewed by professional artists at the school; then returned to you with corrections and helpful suggestions.

As a student you cover the fundamentals of art. You learn about composition, figure drawing, perspective, color, drawing and painting techniques. Your advanced work is slanted towards whichever is most interesting to you—advertising art, magazine illustrating, cartooning, or painting.

TEST YOUR TALENT—WITHOUT COST! Find out now, at no cost or obligation, whether you have the talent for a commercial art career. Take the simple *Art Talent Test* that was devised by professional artists as a test of natural talent. A copy will be mailed you on request, and without obligating you in any way. Clip the coupon and send today for this free Art Talent Test.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC. Studio 1249
500 S. 4th St.—Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me your talent test, without cost or obligation. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ *AGE* _____

Address _____ *Apt.* _____

City _____ *Zone* _____

County _____ *State* _____

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Geisha Boy

SOMEWHERE in Technicolor Japan, there must be a Japanese maiden who isn't delightfully submissive, or a Japanese child who isn't particularly appealing, or a Japanese father who isn't wise beyond the wisdom of the ages. Definitely, they aren't in this latest Jerry Lewis sentimental journey. As a magician with the USO, entertaining troops in the Pacific, Jerry makes fast friends with little Robert Hirano, an orphan in search of a father. His aunt, Nobu McCarthy, is an appealing smidgin of Oriental femininity. And grandfather Sessue Hayakawa looks inscrutable in a paternal sort of way. Jerry takes to this traditional Hollywood concept of Japan like a soy sauce to sukiyaki. In doubling in the dad bit for Robert, Jerry just about loses his job but has a consolation prize in Nobu. One of those surprise packages where all sorts of unexpected wacky things bombard the screen, including a crazy rabbit, Harry, talented enough to be an Actors Studio graduate. (Paramount.)

The Doctor's Dilemma

AMID all the elegance of the turn of the century, invalid Dirk Bogarde provides an interesting study of a scoundrel inching his way toward the grave. Overseeing this rake's progress are Leslie Caron, his talented, devoted wife, and a stalwart collection of medical men: Alistair Sim, Robert Morley and Felix Aylmer. It is Sim, first attracted to Leslie, who decides to take the Bogarde case and pool his medical findings with his colleagues. Because of the invalid's charm and persuasiveness, he manages to convince the doctors that he's an excellent financial risk despite his illness. Eastman color makes the trappings more appealing and highlights the setting for this George Bernard Shaw idea of a grand joke. (MGM.)

The Journey

IN these times when ideals are truly being tested, one often wonders which would survive: decency and honor, or cunning and ruthlessness. Lady Deborah Kerr finds herself the unexpected player in an alternately chilling and heated chess game of wits with Russian communist officer Yul Brynner. One of the airlines' passengers stranded at the Budapest airport when the Hungarians revolted against communist enslavement, Deborah and others are held for further questioning. Ironically, the terror reaches its peak after the group is transported to a small Hungarian town a short distance from the Austrian border and freedom.

RUSSIAN officer Yul Brynner attempts to frighten Deborah Kerr in "The Journey."

There, it becomes apparent that the fate of many rests with Englishwoman Deborah. As one of the passengers says after watching the pantherish Brynner: "That man wants something. Give it to him, or some will get hurt." Filmed in Austria with an outstanding cast including E. G. Marshall, Robert Morley and Kurt Kaznar, this is a fascinating suspense thriller. Aside from Technicolor, there are no special effects needed here—the human element is potent enough. (MGM.)

Up Periscope

A YARN about a World War II submarine starring Edmond O'Brien as a skipper concerned with the safety of his ship and crew, and James Garner, a Naval Intelligence officer determined that his mission be carried out at all costs. Garner's job means landing on a Japanese-held island, and photographing the enemy's secret code. As you can well imagine, there's many a slip twixt the sub and the Nip. An attack by Japanese planes detours Garner on a dangerous underwater repair session. Next, a Japanese destroyer all but demolishes what

continued on page 72

WHILE traveling with the USO, Jerry Lewis befriends a Japanese lad in "Geisha Boy."

HIS wife, Leslie Caron, consoles invalid Dirk Bogarde in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

NAVAL Intelligence officer James Garner gets dangerous mission in "Up Periscope."

CAREERS IN TV STUDIOS

IMMEDIATE TRAINING FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Many Opportunities in "Behind-the-Scenes" Careers

- Secretaries
- Announcers
- Program Personalities
- TV Hostesses
- Cameramen
- Continuity Writers
- Directors
- Film Editors
- Floor Managers
- Projectionists
- Disc Jockeys
- Film Directors
- Production Assistants
- Production Staff Personnel
- Music Librarians
- Receptionists
- Traffic Personnel
- Video Engineers

and many other positions too numerous to list, both in TV and radio

With over 2,000 TV channels allocated, only 419 TV stations are on the air. New stations must be staffed with trained personnel in more than 75 job classifications. Existing TV and radio stations require replacements year around. We are speaking to men and women now who wish careers in broadcasting stations and will take training. Whatever your talents, apply for interview. No acting ability required. Experience unnecessary. You will start at home. Four full weeks (100) hours of classroom specialized training in Hollywood, California, Chicago, Illinois, or Portland, Oregon follow completion of home training. Then nationwide placement service upon completion.

If age 17 to 45, signify interest at once.

MAIL AT ONCE

TELEVISION DIVISION
Northwest Schools, Inc., Dept. TV-50
11 East 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.

I wish full information promptly. There is no obligation to me.

Name_____

St. or Rte._____

P.O._____ State_____

Education_____ Age_____ Phone_____

☐ Yes I can supply references. Hours I work_____
☐ No

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ **Bachelor about town George Nader now a work recluse**

★ **Joan Collins getting a new slant on marriage?**

FIFTEEN and very cute Tuesday Weld chats with Tab Hunter at a recent filmland ball.

OVERRULED—Joanne Woodward wanted to name her April-due baby Quentin, if a girl, because that's the name of the girl she portrays in "The Sound And The Fury." But husband Paul Newman would have none of it; he has convinced Joanne that a girl-child should be named Eleanor Theresa for her two grandmas. If a boy, they agree he'll be James Joshua. Joanne was on a very strict diet to maintain her figure as the 17-year-old Quentin. "Now I'm beginning to enjoy my pregnancy," sighed she when the filming finished and she could eat what she wanted without worrying about weight. The baby will be born in New York, where Paul will be starring in a Broadway play.

DEE-DOLL—*Sandra Dee, now 16, pretty and starting to date, is still not beyond liking a unique doll. At the end of production on "The Wild And The Innocent," her co-star Audie Murphy gave her a doll that is really different. It's Sandra! He had the make-up and wardrobe departments at Universal-International copy just the way she looks in the film and transfer it to the doll. If you'll pardon the expression, she was deelighted with her Dee-doll. Since Sandra must still go to school and makes one film after another, she doesn't have much time for dates but Sal Mineo and John Wilder, along with some non-pro boys, keep telephoning and trying to see her when she does have time off.*

SAME JOAN—We've told you about a "new" Joan Collins several times before and probably will continue to, for this is a girl who loves to go through "phases." Right now she's on an "I've discovered books" kick and is turning down dates. For a while she was on a glamour kick, then a date-every-night, and so on, back and forth. Now, it's books. You'll see another "new" side of Joan—and this for sure—in "Rally Round The Flag, Boys," in which she does a fine comedy job. She admits her close friends, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, talked her into tackling the comedy role, even though she had misgivings about it. Joan also says her association with the Newmans has given her a new goal for marriage. "I want one just like theirs; it's unusual in Hollywood. They are completely sufficient unto themselves."

GOOD FRIENDS—*Since Diane Varsi's new little Volkswagon was smashed to bits by a five-ton truck in a freak accident, John Gabriel has been driving her in his car. John and Diane both go to Jeff Corey's acting classes. "No romance," she says. John has also been dating another Diane—Baker.*

REALLY?—Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell have individually denied that their dates are serious *but* we saw them give each other a very tender greeting outside the 20th commissary. And they *have* been dating.

NEW YORKER—*Lee Remick and her husband, Bill Colleran of TV, are returning to New York for the arrival of their baby, too. Lee and Bill still consider Manhattan their home and maintain their*

AMONG merry-makers at television party are Ty Hardin and his bride, Andra Martin.

TEENAGER Carol Lynley seems to be far away as Dwayne Hickman waxes eloquent.

SNEAKING up on his very pretty wife, May Wynn, Jack Kelly surprises her with kiss.

ALTHOUGH they're betrothed, many doubt Sacha Diestel and Brigitte Bardot will wed.

apartment there. Just before they left for the East, Lee told us she never craved pickles and ice cream during her pregnancy, but she had a wild, unaccountable hankering for gooey brownies and 7-Up!

TURNABOUT—Bob Wagner isn't the only teacher in the Wagner-Wood house. We told you he's been giving Natalie swimming lessons, and in return, she's now coaching him in his song and dance routines which he'll use in "Say One For Me."

RUMBLINGS—*Chums are concerned about the Keely Smith-Louis Prima marriage and hope it won't blow up. These two top recording and night club stars have just made their first feature film together, "Hey Boy, Hey Girl." They have two little girls and until recently their marriage was regarded as "ideal."*

ROCK MUM—Rock Hudson is really being the cagey one about dating. What a secret! If you ask him about it, he grins ingratiatingly and asks "Are you kidding?" just the way Clark Gable used to dismiss questions he didn't choose to answer. So who can take umbrage? Only new thing we learned about Rock when we saw him recently is that he's on a new food kick for lunch. He used to be a steak and potatoes man. Then he went through a phase of eating a big bowl of chili with a large plate of cottage cheese every day for lunch. Now he starts with chopped chicken liver and has broiled fish as his main lunch dish. At least he's not static!

HIDDEN CHARM—*Platinum blonde Stella Stevens gets her first important role in "Say One For Me." The director, Frank Tashlin, a very talented photographer-hobbyist, decided to shoot some stills of Stella to prove that a gal can look sexy "all covered up," without benefit of plunging neckline or Bikini. What pictures he got, without cleavage, without cheesecake! When Stella is serious she looks*

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LADIES — Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

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By FOSTER JAMES

WHY THE CARY GRANTS CALLED IT QUITS

Outwardly the epitome of male charm and "savoir faire," inwardly Cary is a man given to moods who could just prefer to "go it alone"

IT MAY COST Cary Grant, the Man With the Glossy Charm, more than two million dollars to learn that he does not seem to have enough charm to stay married. A colossal kind of severance pay, this, but reputedly it is what Betsy Drake, Grant's third wife, is expecting as a settlement. The actual terms: One million dollars in cash and 20 per cent of Cary's earnings for the next ten years, whether or not Betsy remarries.

For a couple who find it painful to share the same roof but still dine gaily together almost nightly, it is indeed a strange sort of parting. But the Grants' nine-year try at matrimony was in itself a hapless one that had Hollywood wondering why they ever said "I do."

For months, the marriage has been rumored withering at the roots. Even so, the final parting was a tragedy that enveloped them both: Cary, the everlasting charmer who has tried marriage three times, and the shy, introspective Betsy Drake, whose one and only marriage, despite all her feverish hopes, had come to a barren end.

Only a handful of evasive words marked the final separation, yet the announcement, for all its polite reticence, saddened all the couple's friends.

"After careful consideration and long discussion," the bare-boned statement read, "we have decided to live apart. We have had, and shall always have, the deepest respect for each other. But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we expected.

"There are no plans for divorce, and we ask only that our statement be respected as complete. and our friends to be patient with, and understanding of, our decision."

Was it Cary's fault, or Betsy's, that they could never seem to attain "the happiness they fully expected and mutually desired?" Or was there still another reason, as people had

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"MARRIAGE has not brought us the happiness we expected," Grants announced upon parting.

Dodo in Yankeeland

On location in New England for "That Jane From Maine," Doris had more than one surprise at the hands of the local citizenry

By VI SWISHER

HOSPITALITY and warmth of supposedly reserved New Englanders are what impressed Doris most during her sojourn in Connecticut.

WITH THAT lettuce-crisp flair no else can quite imitate, Doris Day walked into the little New England dry goods store in Chester, Connecticut.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" The elderly shopkeeper peered at her over the top of his glasses as he leaned across the old-fashioned counter.

Doris said she'd like to buy some warm woolen—er—lingerie. You know the kind. Form-fitting. . . . knee-length. . . . just the thing to keep the sharp nip of New England from nibbling at a Southern Californian accustomed to the almost year-around soft warmth of a semi-tropical sun.

The purchase completed, Doris took her package and left. But a few days later she got a report of the follow-up conversation that took place in the store.

"That girl reminds me of someone," the shopkeeper had said to a woman customer who'd been looking at dress patterns when Doris came in.

"Naturally," replied the woman, who had kept a keen but discreet eye on the transaction.

The merchant pondered a moment. "I know," he decided. "She looks like Doris Day."

"She *is* Doris Day," snapped the customer impatiently. "Going to make a movie, right here in Chester. Mean to say you haven't read about it?"

A thin smile of enlightenment cracked the shopkeeper's rugged New England countenance. "A lady," he beamed. "Nice. . . . natural. Must do something for her."

He did, too. Later, when actual filming started on Columbia's "That Jane From Maine," he invited Doris to use the back room of his little store as her own private haven from the hurly-burly of shooting in and around Chester during the company's more than two-month location there.

He had tea and privacy waiting for her every day, and Doris often and gratefully took advantage of his thoughtful hospitality.

His consideration was typical of the whole town's attitude toward her. No wonder she loved every minute of her stay in the Nutmeg State.

Doris says that if her schedule would permit and she could have her way, she'd be spending the holiday season with her family in a certain house in Connecticut between Deep River and Essex, on the river road near Chester.

"It would be like living in a Christmas card," Doris sparkled. Queen of this Christmas card realm back when it was the springtime setting for "That Jane From Maine."

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In a way, Doris was the house guest of the entire town of

ONE reason Doris gets along so fine is a well-proportioned ego: big enough for stardom, small enough to tuck away when not needed.

Doris found in New England a Court of Connecticut Yankees who were, in her words, "just great."

While she was "Down East," Doris failed to come across any evidence supporting the legend of bleak New Englanders stonily cold to outsiders. The men knocked themselves out, going over and beyond the call of duty to be helpful. The women came up with those little—and big—gestures that show a new neighbor she's a welcome addition to the community. And the kids did more than their share also to let the pretty "foreigner" from Hollywood know that she was in friendly territory.

Taking a breather for lunch at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby during a recent hat-buying spree, Doris said, "Finding the location in the first place was a long, hard problem. We must have cruised through the whole of Connecticut looking for a typical Maine town."

That's right. Hollywood shopped for Maine in Connecticut. Not on a screwball whim, but for reasons having to do with budgets, weather charts, proximity to New York, and other practical matters that are all a very definite part of the making of glamour entertainment.

"Finally," Doris went on, "our director, Dick Quine, said, 'You leave this location scouting to me.' He hired a car and driver and sent back daily reports—all positively negative. Then one day Dick got a hunch. It was like an angel sitting on his shoulder. Anyhow, something told him when to have the driver turn left, right—go up, down—cut past one highway to take another.

"Like a homing pigeon, he arrived at the ideal spot. There, in the middle of Connecticut, he found plenty of Maine hills and flowing water. Everything we needed. Chester couldn't have been more perfect if it had been designed and built by Hollywood experts."

With the location once established, the large crew came on from Hollywood to Hartford, where they had room to spread out. Doris, however, was still roofless and desperately in need of finding a place to set up housekeeping—quick.

A LOCAL real estate man dropped all other business to give the project his full time, and after days of futile search he discovered that beautiful house in its greeting card setting. The house was all lovely fieldstone and pale coral-colored wood, and it had its own road right on the Connecticut River.

There was only one drawback. The house's architect-owner, who worked in New York, lived in it with his wife four days a week. He wouldn't dream of renting their dream home. The real estate man pleaded. The architect was firm. Then the rental agent got a brain-storm.

"Joe," he said, "do you ever go to the movies?"

Chester, Conn., and it's a tribute to her popularity that her hosts didn't want her to leave

ALL the nice things fan magazines had been saying about Doris Day were true, the people of Chester found out when they met her.

"Of course I do. I go quite often," answered the architect. "Do you ever go to any Doris Day movies?"

"Oh, sure. Never miss 'em. She's a favorite of ours."

"Well, it's Doris Day who wants to rent your house."

Joe went into a quick huddle with his wife Mo (short for Mozelle), and they gave in without a struggle. As a bonus for his efforts, the real estate man got a bit part in the picture, an unexpected reward he enjoyed more than he did getting his handsome commission.

"Joe and Mo were wonderful," Doris said. "They made no reservations when they let us have their house. They even offered us the key to their well-stocked liquor cabinet!"

Since Doris and her household are non-drinkers, the key couldn't have been in safer hands. But Joe and Mo didn't know that at the time they made their generous gesture.

More important to Doris was the fact that the couple trustingly left in their customary places all their finest china, linens and art objects—the things that give a house personality and home-like charm. Needless to say, when Doris turned the place back to its owners, everything was ship-shape. Not even a cup was chipped.

Joe and Mo made only one condition when their tenants from Hollywood took over. "You must take care of our animals," they warned.

"I looked around for a dog or cat, but that wasn't what they meant," said Doris. "They took us down to the basement and showed us where they stored grain and raw, unroasted peanuts and things like that in big tin bins. Their animals were all kinds of wild life.

"SO EVERY day we faithfully filled certain window sills from the basement supplies, and we had whole families of birds, chipmunks and woodchucks collecting their meals at our hands. I think they depend on us for their winter supplies, too, because the chipmunks especially used to pop two or three extra nuts into each little cheek pouch when they took off from their daily feasts.

"At night, before going to bed, we'd turn off the lights and look out our big picture windows to watch the paddle boats plying up and down the river. We were so close it seemed at those times as if we ourselves were afloat on a houseboat, far away from everything and everybody connected with a landlubber's life.

"We kept binoculars on hand all the time and got pretty good at identifying the wild life along the river. We even made friends with some of the snakes—harmless ones, like water snakes. Yes, honestly. Now don't look so horrified," Doris reproached me. "They're very cute when they come out of the water onto dry land to sunbathe."

Doris, however, had very little spare time on the Connecticut

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TV's "Richard Diamond," David Janssen, recently took a wife and together they've built a love nest

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

HAPPY twosome are David Janssen, CBS-TV's "Richard Diamond," and his bride, the former Ellie Graham, in their Hollywood home.

DAVID JANSSEN

Private life of a private eye

SCRIPT of David's show causes Ellie to smile. Ellie moved into David's bachelor quarters after marriage.

SCULPTURE and painting are two of Mrs. Janssen's hobbies and here she demonstrates fine art of making a statuette for David.

PUTTING finishing touches on one of her paintings, Ellie works under close scrutiny of her mate. **END**

COME HITHER slant of her green eyes often gives men the wrong notion about Tina who hates being rushed by ardent Romeos.

TINA LOUISE

For over-amorous males easily incited

by Tina's come-on curves and sultry

looks, here's a message that will save

you trouble:

Look— but don't touch

By HELEN HENDRICKS

THE TWO men getting their noontime suntan outside a Paramount Studio sound stage watched the tall girl in tight jeans and blue sweater swing around the corner and disappear, her heel-less scuffs flapping rhythmically.

"Wow, that Tina Louise!" wolf-whistled Suntanner Number One. "Sexiest gal in town."

"Sure is," agreed the other. "She sure is." And they reluctantly reentered the sound stage.

At lunch a few minutes later, Tina, in one sentence, both confirmed and rejected the nomination given her.

"I'm a very physical person," she said with surprising frankness, "but it's a man's mind that attracts me first."

Mebbe so. Mebbe so. But it certainly isn't Tina's mind that men have on *their* minds when they first meet her. That's where they make their big mistake.

Poor guys! They have no way of knowing that Tina's fantastic figure, with its come-on curves, is only window dressing. Okay to look at—discreetly—but mustn't touch. Her beautiful face may be like an invitation. But woe to the wolf who fails to find out if there's an *R.S.V.P.* behind those involuntarily seductive green eyes before he makes his first pass.

Tina's problem is that she sincerely wants to get married, yet she has to arrive at this goal of all girls strictly on her own terms. Meanwhile, she won't tolerate anyone shopping around her person. Nothing "on approval."

Ever since coming to Hollywood to make "The Trap" with Richard Widmark, Tina has been a target for most of the town's short-term Romeos. But they've not had a chance to come anywhere near firing range. These playboys, whose pampered egos feed on romantic conquest, have been getting the surprise of their lives. At least one of them may be permanently scarred—in the ego, that is—by his experience with Tina.

"We had been introduced by a mutual friend and made a date to go dinner dancing, a thing I don't do very often, especially when I'm working," she said. "I had just finished dressing when he arrived, and I held out my hand to welcome him in. But I guess he'd never heard of shaking hands with a girl. Naturally, we were still quite a few hours away from the good-night kiss, something which may or may not be part of a first date. That

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Not that Tina's coldly averse to romance, but playboys who

TINA'S beauty and physical attributes can't be hidden short of enveloping her in a tent. She's now in Paramount's "The Trap."

merely want to "physicalize" are in for a surprise: in back of Tina's mind is a wedding march

depends on a lot of things—like mutual impulse and consent.

"Anyhow, this character was all set to start our first date with a *good-evening* kiss. When I pulled back, he acted as if that was part of a routine, and went right ahead—cave man style. I'm a big strong girl, he's a big strong man, and the only casualty was my little bead necklace which got caught in his cuff link during the scuffle.

"Thirty seconds later, I said an icy, kissless good-night and slammed the door shut. Twenty minutes after that I was eating scrambled eggs—alone—in front of my television set."

Tina, as you can plainly tell from all this, is no girl to go along with the "me man. . . . you woman. . . . zowie!" approach of a Tarzan.

At the time we talked, she hadn't gone out in Hollywood since the abortive occasion. First, because she doesn't like to do much dating when she's in the midst of a heavy shooting schedule, and she's been busy making "The Hangman" at Paramount, where she's under contract to do five films. Second, because, as she put it baldly, "Nobody's asked me. At least nobody whose invitation I'd care to accept."

It would be ridiculous to assume from any of this that Tina is coldly averse to romance. She reacts as she does precisely because she *is* romantic.

"If men would only give it a try," declared Hollywood's newest sex symbol, "they'd realize that conversation is a better way to build up a romantic atmosphere than any amount of strong-arming. That's why I like articulate men who are capable of showing good judgment. I find them mostly among creative people like writers, painters—anyone who is artistic.

"I THINK there is more stimulating vitality in a strong intelligence than in strong muscles. And I like men with imagination. They're sensitive to the importance of setting the scene for romance. They know how to suggest a mood and build it up like an exciting piece of music or a beautifully written love story. Then, at the right time, under the right circumstances, everything falls into place—including the girl!"

Tina has met many men who might have interested her if

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INTELLIGENCE and sensitivity are qualities Tina prefers in men to muscles. She finds them most of all among writers and artists.

"I DON'T feel flattered when men take my personal measure by my physical measurements. Men who do are not marriage-minded."

RAYMOND BURR

No time for marriage

Working 15 hours a day on his "Perry Mason" TV series, Raymond Burr has had to put aside thoughts of wooing and winning a mate

By JERRY ASHER

DISCERNING Raymond Burr looked serious—deadly serious. Behind those penetrating blue eyes, however, there was a smile—a smile provoked by his own wry amusement, as he recalled a recent event that epitomizes the current state of his singular life.

"Naturally, there's a lady in the case," observed the energetic star of CBS-TV's "Perry Mason" series. "She was a very fascinating lady, one who enjoys a most popular position in Hollywood. I guess I lost my head! Translated—that means I was optimistic enough to believe I could make a date a week in advance and *keep* it.

"Heaven knows that was my intention and I planned accordingly. A choice table for two was reserved, flowers were duly dispatched and I eagerly looked forward to escaping from my daily sound stage incarceration. Filming an hour-long television show each week is a tremendous task, the demands are endless and there are even disheartening moments when you feel like you've lost all contact with the outside world.

"On this particular day there were many unexpected interruptions and additional chores. By six that evening, and I had been up since dawn, I knew I was going to be an hour late for my date. So I called to apologize and explain. Then I had to call every hour to say I would still be delayed another hour, until finally when I called close to midnight the lady said 'now it is *too* late' and indeed it was! It was also too late to hope for another date at a more propitious time.

"I must say she was gracious enough to disguise her annoyance, but why should anyone in her position have to be subjected to this routine! Had she been my wife she might have been equally displeased, but at least she'd have been conditioned to accept it as par for our marital course. On second thought, perhaps I should put it this way. A wife *should* be conditioned to accept it, but trying to find such a rare creature under these circumstances, makes marriage a pretty hazardous proposition, don't you think?"

Occasionally, very occasionally, you'll come across an eligible bachelor who prefers to be married, but shies away from prevalent pitfalls that beset Hollywood marriage. Raymond Burr is such a man. A thoughtful, intelligent man who is unselfish in his thinking, he eyes the situation objectively and this in itself is a rarity in these parts. It's

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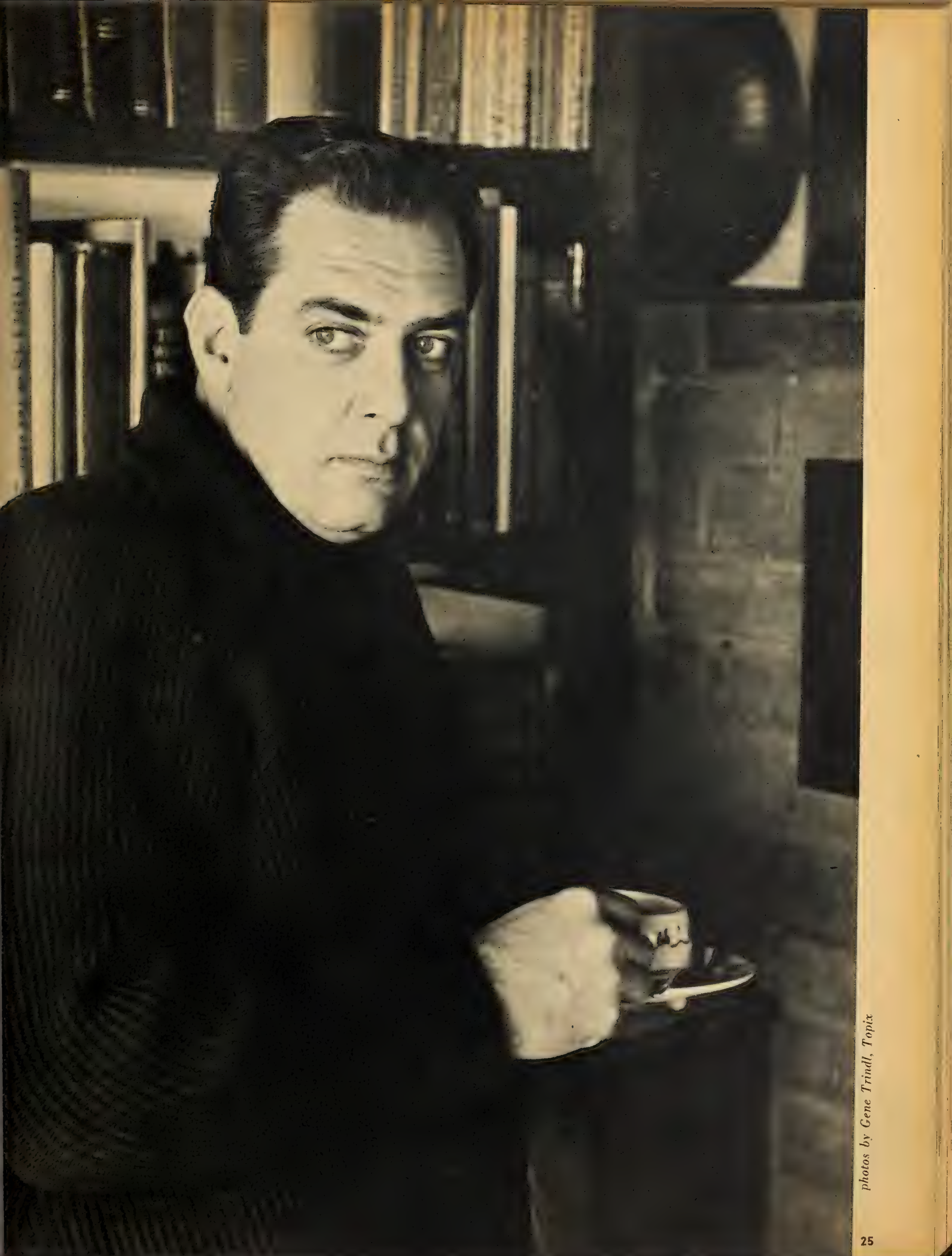
RAYMOND sees his Malibu Beach home (above) only on weekends, lives mostly on TV studio lot.



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

Though he would prefer to be married, Raymond is resigned to remaining single until he has the time to make a go of marriage

been conceded, with exception, that Hollywood husbands, despite their obvious appeal, fail in being the best husband material. The very nature of their work rules out normal routine and discourages acceptance and, generally speaking, their self-engrossment leaves little time and less inclination for observing the basic principles of marriage. Raymond Burr may or may not possess the solution, but by being keenly aware, it makes him doubly anxious to safeguard future failure in marriage.

"It is not my intention, nor do I feel qualified, to launch into a lengthy discourse on Hollywood marriage, as such," says TV's world famous lawyer-sleuth, "and to the contrary, having been married before makes me just vulnerable enough to believe that marriage in any town, under any circumstances, is pretty much a personal issue that exists between two people. However, we all know that Hollywood does present a highly individual set of standards and circumstances that influence personal and private lives. But I repeat, I can only sit in judgment on *one* life—my *own!*

"It's true that I would like to be married and after this series is over, perhaps I can take time to find someone. So far I haven't met anyone and with an average 15-hour workday schedule, I hardly think it's probable to plan it for some Sunday afternoon between 2:30 and 5:30 when I happen to be free! For the sake of making my point, however, let's stretch our imagination and believe that *the* dream girl does exist. When would we go through the period of courtship which is very important to a woman especially—and to marriage? And when would we have time to get the marriage license?"

AS HE talked, Raymond Burr paced the floor of his three-room "home" on the old Sunset-Western Fox Studio lot. After a series of unavoidable delays, including his siege in the hospital which set production behind schedule, he had finally found some free time at lunch (consisting of one glass of orange juice) for our visit. Amiable Bill Swan's (his secretary) office guarded the entrance leading into the large living room, which featured a king-size bed that refused to be squeezed through the narrow door leading into a bedroom. There was a bath, dining alcove, kitchenette and a sprinkling of personal possessions that served to relieve the monotony of studio decor. As Raymond continued to patrol his beat, he appraised the room with a meaningful look and gesticulated.

"Literally speaking, I stay in this place at least five days a week. Last night we worked until nine and by then I was

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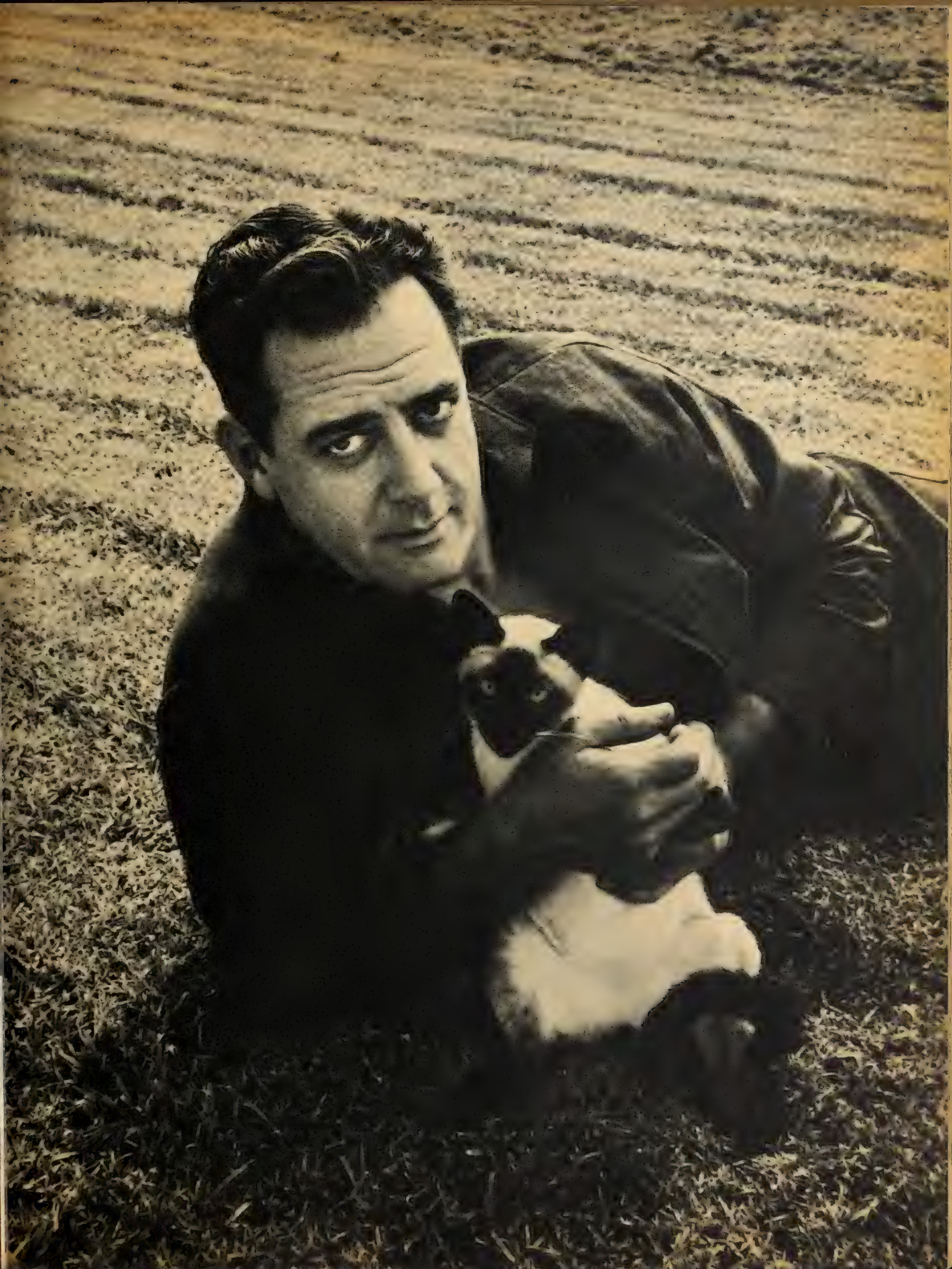
SINCE the "Perry Mason" series began, Raymond has become a kind of social hermit, sometimes must pass up his own parties.

EVEN if he could meet the right girl, Raymond contends, he'd be unable to devote enough time to his marriage to make it work.



LANA TURNER

"Imitation of life"

Lana's first movie since her tragedy last summer is a bold drama of love and racial conflict

◂ **EYES** on a co-worker, Lana is very attentive as she prepares to go before the cameras on location site.

CO-STAR John Gavin and Lana run through a scene before shooting. Gavin is love interest in U-I film.

photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

LANA gets ready for the cameras. She plays a brilliant stage actress who has little time for her daughter or for marriage.

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SANDRA Dee, Lana Turner's teenage daughter in film, enjoys joke off-camera. With her is Juanita Moore, who plays a maid.

LISTENING intently to directions for a scene is Susan Kohner, who portrays a beautiful Negro girl trying to pass as a white.

During filming of "Imitation Of Life" there were both light and serious moments for the cast

CONFAB among Lana Turner, John Gavin and Sandra Dee is held between "takes" In picture, Sandra has a crush on John.

END

PAUL NEWMAN SAYS:

"I'm no rebel"

Paul's not a "yes" man but neither is he a "no" man; he does what he thinks is right, be it "yes" or "no"

By NANCY ANDERSON

THERE'S NO understanding Paul Newman. Just when you think you have him figured, he does a switch. He's a contradiction, a dilemma . . . pleased to be displeased . . . rebelling against rebellion . . . so loyal to his own standards that he doesn't recommend them for anybody else, not even his own children.

"Would I want my daughter to marry a fellow like me? Would I want my son to be as I am?" Paul stared intently ahead. His brilliantly blue eyes seemed to probe the future.

"Well, those are hard questions. Would I want my child to have my point of view? Who am I to say what he should believe?" His voice was reflective as he considered the problem. He was thinking, perhaps, of his unborn child expected in April. And then, suddenly, all reflection exploded in a good-humored roar.

"What I want to know," Paul asked, "is what's wrong with my point of view? Why shouldn't I want my daughter to marry a fellow like me? Why not?"

And then he laughed.

"Oh sure," he said, "I know what you're thinking. Things you've heard. . . . I'm a rebel, at war with the world, hard to get along with, but there's nothing to that. Actually, I'm a very amiable fellow. I don't know where people get any other idea."

However, it's not easy to see Paul Newman.

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"There's nothing more monotonous than the professional rebel;

"I don't do much in the way of publicity," he frankly says.

In fact, he vigorously denies that an actor is public property obligated to give countless and personal interviews. But, on the other hand, when he does begin to talk, there are no holds barred. Paul converses with wit and honesty. He says what he thinks and nothing is "off the record."

As an actor, he's loyal to the art of acting and to his own artistic integrity, not to a studio, to Hollywood, or even to the motion picture industry. His occasional thrusts at studios, producers and directors are the foundation of his reputation as a rebel. He's not a "yes" man. Because he wants artistic perfection, and perfection's impossible, Paul is at war with his colleagues and, more tirelessly, with himself.

"I GUESS," he remarks conversationally, "that I sometimes seem irritable and impatient with things. That's because I actually do get impatient. There are so many idiots in the entertainment business.

"Really, the greatest work being done in Hollywood today is being done by the technical people. Did you know that?

"Studios have operated too long on the assumption that movies can't afford enemies. They're always afraid that they'll anger this group or that group. In life, a person with no enemies has no character. You can't stand for something and not make somebody mad. Motion pictures have been so inoffensive that they're characterless. Sure, there are some good pictures being made but not nearly so many as should be."

And if Paul opposes what he considers top brass idiocy, he fights an even grimmer battle with himself and one which he doesn't ever expect to win.

"A person is successful," he believes, "when he's satisfied with himself and with what he's done. And I'm not satisfied."

Co-workers know this is true. On the set, in spite of his publicized tiffs with executives, Paul is pleasant and often teasing. He jokes with the cast and with technicians. He's fun. But inwardly he's dogged by a drive that knows no rest.

"You know what he did the other day?" asked one of the crew working on "The Philadelphian," Paul's new picture. "He asked to rehearse a test scene. The success of the scene meant nothing to him. Good or bad, he had nothing to gain or lose. It was a test to see whether or not another fellow would get a part in the picture. But Paul asked to rehearse, because he can't stand to do a second-rate job, even in a test. That's how he is."

Recently a friend, a director whom he admires, wrote to Paul congratulating him upon his performance.

PAUL'S occasional thrusts at studios, producers and directors are the foundation of his reputation as a rebel. He's no "yes" man.

he is as dull as the consistent conformist. Personally, I don't particularly like such rebels"

"But," said the letter, "I know you're not happy. You wouldn't be happy with your performance if you won 40 Oscars. Paul, I'm not asking you to get happy, but, boy, you should learn to enjoy your misery."

That's what Paul is doing, enjoying his misery. He's displeased with himself and his achievement . . . and glad of it!

"I don't want to be completely satisfied," he admits. "I'd have no place to go then. Now this gets into pretty deep psychology but I believe the man who has everything. . . . several big cars, a swimming pool, total financial security . . . . is actually less willing to go out and fight for an ideal like freedom or something nebulous than the fellow who's at the bottom. The man at the bottom is still full of drive. He's on his way. He has somewhere to go, and he's used to fighting.

"Sometimes," he grimaces, "the case seems hopeless. You work hard and then everything you've worked for conspires against you.

"You get into the high income bracket, make buckets of money, and then you're trapped by a standard of living that's ridiculously high. Then one day you face a terrible realization. You know you don't want to make this picture. You don't want to do that script. But you have to because the mortgage payment is due. Acting becomes a chore. You're trapped."

Paul's irritation with Hollywood has drawn the critical attention of other actors. For example, a trade paper reporter called him recently and told him that Jimmy Stewart had termed Paul a "New York actor" whose attitude toward Hollywood was unbecoming if not downright ungrateful.

"Would Mr. Newman comment?" the reporter asked.

Would Paul comment? He would indeed.

"In the first place," says Paul, "I'm not a New York actor any more than I'm a Hollywood actor or a television actor, or a stage actor, or a motion picture actor. I'm an actor. That's all. I can act anywhere I please, in New York, on television, or on the street corner, with opportunity.

"There's not this kind of actor and that kind of actor, depending on location. There are just actors.

"And, as for being rebellious, I'm not that either. There's nothing more monotonous than the professional rebel. He's as dull as the consistent conformist. The only difference is that the conformist always says 'yes' and goes along with the crowd, and the rebel always says 'no'. Do you really think I'm like that?

"I SIMPLY stick to my own standards as opposed to the phoney ones I encounter here and there. A long time ago, actors were allowed to be temperamental . . . expected to be. Then temperament went out of style. It was during the war, I believe, when efficiency was the big thing. Everybody had to work together without a hitch.

"Now if I speak out against some false value, I'm called a non-conformist or rebellious. Personally, I don't particularly like rebels. I stand for what I believe is right, and if it's not in line with some phoney idea, I'm not rebelling just because I can't alter my position. The way it works out, I'm with the crowd part of the time and against the crowd the rest of it.

"If a person is consistently on the popular side or consistently against it, he's unnatural. The picture I'm making now, 'The Philadelphian,' sort of spells that out. It shows how a guy can be a big hero one day, a stupid fool the next, and a good Joe the next. That's life."

Paul values independence so highly that he doesn't even think the world should conform to his pattern.

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BECAUSE he wants artistic perfection and perfection's impossible, Paul is often at odds with his colleagues and always with himself.

By AMY FRANCIS

EVA MARIE SAINT'S

Teenage crisis

From her darkest hour in high school, Eva Marie learned two lessons that have helped to carry her all through life

SON Darrell, 3, and Eva Marie view the world optimistically from their Beverly Hills home.

SHE WONDERED if she were shaking outwardly. Her cheeks felt hot . . . her hands cold . . . and, inwardly, fear and rage churned in wracking combination. Surely she must be trembling.

Deliberately, Eva Marie Saint stood a little straighter. Nothing, so long as she lived, could ever be worse than this.

"You're wrong and cruel to say such things about me," she cried to the girls who had been her friends. "I don't know why you are doing this to me, but I won't stand for it. I won't be treated this way. Goodbye."

And 15-year-old Eva Marie, hurt, frightened, and alone, rushed out of the high school sorority meeting and out, she feared, of high school social life forever.

The whole episode, she thinks, as she looks back on it today, arose from a trifling matter, but out of it she learned an important lesson. No trouble is ever too big to surmount. There'll be tomorrow, no matter how dark today. And this knowledge has given Eva Marie calm and strength whenever pressures threaten to overwhelm her.

Eva Marie, daughter of prosperous and affectionate parents, was a serious child who made good grades, played the violin, and plunged wholeheartedly into school activities. True, her high school drama teacher discouraged her theatrical interests when she said, "My dear, you simply have no talent." but Eva Marie was a cheerleader, played basketball, and won a trophy for track.

"I still have it," she said with a smile. "I won a compass."

Socially, she was successful, too, in that she was invited to join a high school sorority.

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EVA MARIE'S home is her surest refuge from trouble. In private life, she's Mrs. Jeffrey Hayden and mother of Darrell and Laurette.

photos by Frank Bez, Globe

"I was what's known as a 'nice' girl. I didn't park and pet and I didn't drink. There were times I felt like a misfit"

And in her sorority, as elsewhere, she tried her best to be dependable and valuable.

The crisis arose just before a dance. Eva Marie had been assigned to a committee to decorate for the occasion and had, as usual, worked hard.

"But," she remembers, when the sorority met, one of the girls accused me of loafing and not doing as much as I should have. And, worst of all, everyone believed her, everyone but my best friend.

"It may seem silly that I got so upset about such a little thing, but the unfairness of the situation sickened me. I'd worked so hard. I was proud of my record for dependability, and the very girl who accused me had been standing around talking with some boys while I was fulfilling my obligation.

"In spite of being cheerleader, I was really a quiet girl who disliked arguments. But I felt that if I didn't defend myself this time, there'd be no justice anywhere."

Eva Marie can't remember just what she said, but she does remember that the other girls were astounded by her vehemence, and, when she darted out of the meeting, she felt sure she'd be read out of the group.

"All the way home," she recalls, "my great emotion was surprise. I was shocked that I'd been accused and that I'd been deserted by my friends. And I was surprised at myself. How had I ever made such a scene? I was certain I'd ruined my high school career.

"BY THE time I got home, though, I was sick with misery. The amazement had worn off. I rushed into my room and cried the rest of the day."

Eva Marie's father was a Quaker whose gentle philosophy has shaped her own point of view, but, for a calm and peace-loving man, he could show considerable fight.

He believed strongly in standing for the right in spite of all odds, and he consoled his daughter with pride.

NO MATTER how dark things appear, Eva Marie can look back to when they seemed just as hopeless and know that she survived.

EVA's own childhood was a happy one. Now she's making sure that Darrell (above), and Laurette, born last July, are just as happy.

"If you were right, if an injustice were being done, you did the proper thing to defend yourself," he said. "You were very brave, and you must always do what you believe is right, no matter what friends you lose."

Eva Marie's mother had consistently told her daughters, "Do the best you can, and no one can expect more of you," and she gently gave encouragement to her sobbing child with the familiar reminder:

"Remember, dear, when you've done your best, you can do no more, and there's no need to worry."

But Eva Marie did worry. She dreaded going to school the next day. She cringed at the thought of meeting her sorority sisters in the halls. She could imagine what had been said about her after she left the meeting, and she could foresee a lonely year, cast out of the circle she'd enjoyed.

"Compared with really big troubles," she recounts, thinking back to her darkest high school day, "I had no trouble at all. But to a girl 15 years old, it's a horrible thing to be cut off from her group. It meant a great deal to me to be liked and accepted, and since I'd never had any trouble before, I was panic-stricken."

The story has a happy ending, though. The sorority members decided they'd treated Eva Marie unfairly and begged her to join them again. She was delighted, and all friendships were mended within a short time.

"Ever since, though," she says, "I've relied on lessons I learned through the dance-decoration crisis. First, no matter how bad things seem, I can look back to a time when they seemed just as hopeless, and I know I survived.

"I learned, too, that if I do what I believe is right, I can do no more, and worry won't help.

"PRESSURE can be a very destructive thing. I believe I made good grades in school, because I wasn't under pressure. If I were doing my best, nobody expected more, and, as a result, I did better than some students who were working toward goals that were impossible to reach.

"My parents were very understanding and our home was very happy. Mother enjoyed her family and garden more than club work or parties, and it was always a joy to me to get home. I'm sure my happy childhood has affected my entire life. It helped me develop important, inner resources."

And these resources served Eva Marie well. For, though her home life was pressure free, she encountered outside all the problems that beset most girls.

"I was," she relates, "what's known as a 'nice' girl. I didn't park and pet, and I didn't drink or tell dirty jokes. To me, such things were distasteful because, I expect, of my home background.

"But I worried, because I was 'nice'. Boys and girls thought

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By MAXINE BLOCK

So long, Ty

He was a dashing hero in the grand tradition whose name evoked an essence of romance and a flair for joie de vivre that is part of a passing era

"Here is my journey's end . . ."—Othello

AS A dedicated boyish would-be actor, Tyrone Power repeatedly heard his distinguished actor father speak these words on Shakespearean tours throughout the country.

On November 15, 1958, in far-off Madrid, on a sound stage, Tyrone Power, at 44, came to his own journey's end. "I can't go on; I'm sorry," he whispered to co-star George Sanders during the filming of a fierce duelling scene in the lavish Biblical spectacle, "Solomon And Sheba." And within an hour Ty was dead, the victim of a heart attack.

"Poor Ty," said Sanders. "His heart was weary, and we didn't know it. Part of his weariness stemmed from his nightly preparations for a Thanksgiving show he planned for lonely American Air Force personnel in Madrid."

Ironically, the handsome screen and stage star had filmed an appeal for aid in the battle against heart disease just before he left Hollywood. Thoughtfully looking at an hour-glass, Tyrone said, "Time, like the sand, runs out all too soon for many millions of us because of a health enemy." And millions of shocked and grieving fans all over the world believe that time ran out too soon for the creator of dozens of memorable screen roles —the swashbuckler of "Mark Of Zorro" . . . . Jesse James and Eddy Duchin . . . . the bullfighter in "Blood And Sand" . . . . the lost soul seeker of "The Razor's Edge" . . . . the conquistador of "Captain From Castile" . . . . Hemingway's hero in "The Sun Also Rises."

The perfect picture of an adventurous hero on the screen, it became a question where Ty Power's romantic screen character left off and his personal life began.

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THE FIRST Mrs. Tyrone Power and the one who bore the name longest, was the French actress Annabella.

THE SECOND Mrs. Power was provocative Linda Christian, the mother of Tyrone's two daughters whom he adored.

THE CURRENT Mrs. Power is Deborah Minardos who was only wed a few months to him and expects their child.

He was born into a family of actors from whom he inherited

"LLOYDS OF LONDON" (1936), with Madeleine Carroll, was the film that launched Tyrone Power's motion picture career.

"IN OLD CHICAGO" (1938): Ty teamed with Alice Faye and Don Ameche in this one. His reputation as an actor of note was rapidly growing.

a dedication to acting that gave him stature from the beginning, no matter what role he played

Restlessly, almost urgently, he became a world wanderer, virtually deserting the movie colony where he had acquired his fame and fortune. Yet Hollywood still considered him one of her handsomest, most talented sons, a hero in the grand tradition, superbly good-looking yet undeniably manly—an actor who could play the most romantic and dashing of film roles and still remain completely believable.

During the years, some of Hollywood's most famous beauties were attracted by Power's striking tall, slim figure, his gracious manners and his worldly charm: Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Lana Turner, Eva Gabor. Married and divorced from French actress Annabella and Mexican-born Linda Christian, he'd shared only a few months of happiness with his third wife, a statuesque 26-year-old Mississippi divorcee, Deborah Montgomery Minardos, who expects a child in February. Devoted to his two young daughters by Linda, Ty hoped for the birth of a son to carry on his proud theatrical tradition into the fourth generation.

A serious actor, completely dedicated to his work, Tyrone Power willingly gave up his position as one of Hollywood's top money-making stars to return to the stage, explaining, "You don't always do everything for loot, do you?" Many critics felt he reached the peak of his acting career in "John Brown's Body." Earlier, during World War II, he had enlisted in the Marines as a private. "Why should I ask for a commission?" he told a friend. "What the hell do I know about being an officer?"

At Tyrone Power's funeral, his former drill instructor said simply, "He was a good marine!" He was also a generous, gallant gentleman, with manners which would do credit to a diplomat. And because he was a man surcharged with a love of life, he filled it to the brim, before, as Tennyson said. "God's finger touched him, and he slept." **END**

"BLOOD AND SAND" (1941): Ty played a bullfighter who had romantic inclinations towards the alluring, sultry Rita Hayworth.

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE" (1946): Maugham's story provided the theme for a memorable film co-starring Ty with Gene Tierney.

"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY" (1956): Ty portrayed the pianist whose life was marred by death of young wife (Kim Novak).

Who's a dumb blonde?

CBS-TV's "Ann Sothern Show" may be new in format but the character that Ann portrays is lovably familiar to everyone.

Not the ebullient Ann, who plays a mean piano, runs a successful business, and has time off for thoroughly hilarious behavior on television

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

THAT Ann Sothern charm, I am happy to say, is still on tap, just like the soda fountain in the patio of Ann's new Bel-Air house. Susie McNamara, or Maisie Revere, or Katy O'Connor of CBS's "Ann Sothern Show," it's still perennial Sothern cooking—a happy, saucy Ann who, on her second time around on TV, says, "I don't want to be different. I just want to be familiar."

Only one thing can get Miss Sothern's dander up (well, perhaps one or two things) and that is, if unthinking visitors stroll into Ann's luxurious white-and-black dressing room on the Desilu lot and take an incautious step towards her beautiful new rug. "Wipe your feet," Ann, the good housekeeper, says, pointing to the array of doormats around. "I want to keep my white rug white."

She's pretty proud of that decorator's-dream dressing room, with its bright red door and black carriage lamp outside. It's the talk of Hollywood. Incidentally, and understandably, Ann aims to see that it remains just that—a home away from home where she can be happy in her work, because "it's so important to have nice things around."

She is, this anything-but-dumb, indestructible blonde from Valley City, North Dakota, delighted about her promotion to the job of managing the plush "Bartley House" which is the locale of her new show. After all those years as a private secretary—remember Susie?—she confesses that she just never learned to type. And as for her having hotel experience . . . "Well, of course, I've had hotel experience," says Miss Sothern, straight-faced. "I once danced a tango with Conrad Hilton."

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photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

A MUSIC prodigy who had her own composition performed by the Minneapolis Symphony at 13, Ann has kept up her interest.

"Humor, you're born with it," maintains Ann, a natural comedienne with intuitive timing

Suaver and wiser these days is Ann, and though aware that she should be an obedient girl and stick to slimming cottage cheese and lettuce salad, she's not one to turn away a broiled New York steak, garnished with shoestring potatoes, occasionally. Relishing a dressing room lunch like this with friends recently, Ann said, "Oh, I shouldn't have eaten so much. That lunch was a killer!" She ate every crumb of it, just the same.

Proud as she is about her achievements on TV, her success as a recording artist, night club entertainer and sharp, sharp business woman, Ann is prouder yet of being related to one Patricia Ann Sterling—a "raving, tearing beauty who just happens to be my daughter." Patricia—or Tish—is 14, but likes to think of herself as 18. Tish is Ann's daughter by Robert Sterling (they were divorced some years ago), and she is, as many of Miss Sothern's friends maintain, the reason for Ann's being.

IT did not surprise Ann in the least when Tish, approaching her 13th birthday, informed her mother that the one gift she wanted in all the world was an eyelash curler. She got it, of course. As Ann said, "I can remember when I could hardly wait to be 'old'."

"I hope I'm an understanding mother, though there are times, I must say, when I don't quite 'dig' all of Tish's teenage talk. The first time she came home and said she was 'all shook up,' I was all shook up. Youngsters today seem to learn about life too early, and I still look on Tish with amazement and amusement. She's allowed to wear lipstick and medium heels, and right now, her paramount interest is horses and boys. She's a wonderful rider and has a very indulgent grandfather who gave her a lovely Palomino mare of her own not too long ago. But as for acting, I don't know. Whatever she chooses will be all right with me."

Tish is taller than her mother, almost as blonde and looks much like her. The truth is, Ann has tried to discourage her daughter from following in her footsteps. "It's really a lot of very hard work," says Ann, "and I don't think Tish is as dedicated as all that."

Miss Sothern, of course, would be the first to acknowledge that she truly loves her work. She is not only the star of "The Ann Sothern Show," but half-owner (with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz), production aide, script-picker, unofficial casting director and self-appointed chief worrier. "The day Katy O'Connor was born," said an associate, "Ann knew she was astride a million dollar tiger." When Ann's top-rated "Private Secretary" series went off the air, it was because she and her former producer had some basic arguments. "It wasn't worth it," said Ann, and retired to bank the residuals from past shows. She also filed suit for some $93,000, and demanded an accounting of all funds.

But this was not to be the end of Maisie, or Susie, or even of Ann Sothern. Tempting her suddenly was a hunk of catnip dangled by old friends Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball—

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HER DAUGHTER is Ann's favorite subject. Recently she bought a house not so much for herself as for "Tish to be happy in."

GARY CROSBY

The problems of being Bing Crosby's Son

Having a famous father, Gary has learned, is not always a one-sided blessing; it also carries its disadvantages

By PEER OPPENHEIMER

"TOO BAD Gary didn't inherit his father's talent," Pat Boone whispered to Christine Carere, on the sidelines of the "Mardi Gras" set.

"Do you think," asked Christine, "that he could possibly be as conceited as he seems—just because he's Bing's son?"

"Conceited!" Pat gasped. "About what?"

"Well, he's certainly not handsome," Christine insisted.

"His own brothers say Gary can't sing any better than they can—just louder," Pat exclaimed.

"He isn't even good-looking," Christine continued—at which time Gary, who happened to have overheard the conversation, broke in, "Aw, c'mon, you gotta admit I'm sorta cute!"

Of course, Pat and Christine had discussed Gary so pitilessly only because they knew he was listening! In fact, they were carefully making sure he could hear every word they said. Teasing one another had become their favorite pastime while they were working together on the 20th Century-Fox production.

Yes, as always, there was a very real basis for their kidding. Being the son of a famous man, Gary learned long ago, is no one-sided blessing. He had to develop a sense of humor to keep from becoming aggravated at times.

"However," insists Gary, "being Bing's son and bearing the Crosby name has a lot more advantages than disadvantages, in spite of what my cousin has to say on the subject. . . ."

The "cousin" he referred to is no other than Cathy Crosby, Bing's niece and Bob's daughter, who has stated quite frequently that the Crosby name is more of a handicap than an asset.

Claims Gary, "It gave me a foot in the door which people might have slammed in my face if I were simply Joe Blow with the same talent!" Although he insists he doesn't even mind being constantly compared with his famous father because "there's nothing wrong being compared with the best," he adds hastily, "but nobody sings like Bing except Bing, and the people who

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OFTEN teased about being Bing's son, Gary's had to develop a saving sense of humor.

Take back your mink!

Fake furs are more fun

How minky can you look? Fake fur Wink coat comes in Silver Haze, Amber Glow, Espresso. By Scott Enterprise. About $130.

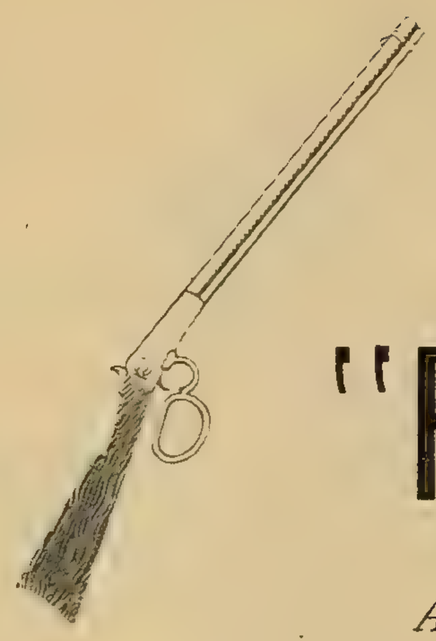
Shawl collar date jacket in Collins and Aikman's Kissing Cousin, a softer-than-soft synthetic seal. By North Bay Coats. About $50.

By SUE COLLINS

NO, YOU don't have to save up for the next twenty years for a fur coat. Instead, snuggle up right now in a soft, luxurious, strokable beauty of fake fur. No waiting! They cost about the price of a good cloth coat, so why not? And they're the nicest thing that ever happened to a fur-loving girl, which is all girls. The point about these fabulous synthetics is that they don't even *pretend* to be fur. They don't have to! They are a very important fashion in their own right—fur fabrics with their own claim to fame. To see why, just feast your eyes on the ones shown here. The full-length dazzler at left is Collins and Aikman's Candalon Wink, which looks for all the world like let-out mink—complete with guard hairs, soft underpelt and woven-in pelt separation. It's the sort of thing that makes you feel positively rich! The shrug of a jacket below is Kissing Cousin, a steal from the seal, and just the thing to have your escort drop over your shoulders on a date. The coat opposite is the lush full-length version of Kissing Cousin, to wrap around you like an heiress. All three are toasty-warm, and nice and light on the shoulders. If you're hoarding a Christmas gift of nice green cash, here's a marvelous way to spend it. And if someone should happen to assume you're wrapped in pure fur, why—let them! They'd never know the difference anyway.

A steal from the seal, the big-collared beauty in Kissing Cousin.
Black, brown, midnight blue, white. By North Bay. About $100.

END



"Rifleman" at home

A former baseball player, Chuck Connors has made a big hit as the star of ABC-TV's new Western series

CHUCK and two of his four sons reach for ceiling but only Pop makes it. Chuck was born in Brooklyn.

BASEBALL days with Brooklyn Dodgers and Chicago Cubs are recalled by Chuck, now a movie-TV star.

RELAXING with his wife Elizabeth Jane and son Steven, Chuck stretches out on floor. He's 6′ 5″.

photos by Dick Miller, Globe

SCRIPT of "The Rifleman" brings forth smiles. Chuck's so successful now he's given up baseball for good. **END**

let's look at the RECORDS

Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, NBC-TV star

TONY digs jazz the most! We're talking about **Tony Perkins** and his latest Victor album, "On A Rainy Afternoon." Tony is backed by a top-level group of jazz musicians including such worthies as Eddie Safranski, Chuck Wayne and Jimmy Cleveland. Tony wisely sticks to time-tested standards for his jazz excursion. Numbers such as "Miss Otis Regrets" and "Have You Met Miss Jones?" are evergreens we don't hear often enough. Our thanks to Mr. Perkins for bringing them back for another go-round. . . . **Lena Horne,** who has the night club circuit wrapped up neatly in the palm of her hand and Broadway stretched out docilely at her feet, should be an excellent authority on the title of her new Victor album, "Give The Lady What She Wants." From the first number, "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," to the last note of "Let's Put Out The Lights And Go To Sleep," Lena's dynamic delivery makes it just about impossible to refuse the lady anything. . . . **The Platters,** still flying high above the rock 'n' roll heap, have a new Mercury recording that's a little different for them—the standard "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and a ballad, "No Matter What You Are." The results achieved make it obvious that the group can tackle anything and still deliver in first rate fashion.

■

A new voice but one that soon will be a familiar voice, that of young **Frank D'Rone,** is heard on a top-flight coupling on the U-A label. Frank's mellow delivery is beautifully presented on "Who Am I To Say" and "Keep Me In Your Heart." A name to mark down for future reference—Frank D'Rone. . . . The King comes through again! **Nat Cole's** latest Capitol album, "The Very Thought Of You," is right on target per usual. Cole does over a dozen ballads off the top of his heart. Nat's handling of this type of material is positively fabulous and well nigh untouchable. Witness what he does with the title song and "I Found A Million-Dollar Baby". . . . Cha-cha, anyone? It's the thing, and who can do it better than the swinging Afro-Cuban aggregation of **Machito.** Their Roulette recording of "Cheek-To-Cheek" and "Cathy Cha-Cha-Cha" makes the reasons for the cha-cha's current popularity all too apparent. The Irving Berlin standard has never been treated this way before, we're sure, but we also think it never had it so good. . . . That jumpin' **Jonah Jones** seems to have the magic formula for successful jazz LP's. First his "Muted Jazz," then "Swingin' On Broadway" followed by "Jonah Jumps." Now Jonah adds "Swingin' At The Cinema," a lively potpourri of movie song hits done to a turn by the Jones Quartet. Prime examples culled from the Capitol album are "Colonel Bogey March," "Tammy" and "Around The World." Movies are better than ever when Jonah takes over.

■

Jimmie Rodgers has had so many hit singles, it just doesn't seem quite fair to the other artists that he should now have a smash album going for him, but that's exactly what's happened. Jimmie's Roulette LP, "Jimmie Rodgers Sings Folk Songs," is destined to sell *ad infinitum.* Reason: Jimmie's voice, of course, plus a collection of folk tunes that have been waiting a long, long time to be given the Rodgers treatment. "Soldier Won't You Marry Me?" "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair" and "Bo Diddly" are some of the songs offered. . . . Although **Frank Sinatra's** career has soared like a rocket in all directions, Frankie's pinnacle as a teenage singing idol was achieved during that period when he made the transition from vocalist for Tommy Dorsey's band to doing a single with orchestral backgrounds supplied by conductor-arranger Axel Stordahl. Now Victor has re-issued a batch of the best from that era. "We Three" conjures up a mental image of the droopy bow-tie and equally droopy forelock that meant long sighs and high squeals to millions of teenagers. Among the numbers that made Frankie and vice versa are "The Night We Called It A Day," "It Started All Over Again" and "Fools Rush In". . . . One of Roulette Records' private gold mines, **Buddy Knox,** has another singable, swingable, saleable pairing—"That's Why I Cry" and "Teasable, Pleasable You." Buddy's stint in the Army seems to have impaired the hit-making qualities of his voice not one whit. . . . "When You Come To The End Of The Day," **Perry Como's** new Victor album, is a highly emotional, deeply moving combination of spirituals, folk songs and semi-religious offerings. Perry's sincerity shows right through, making the album all the more impressive. We especially liked "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands," "Scarlet Ribbons" and "All Through The Night."

■

The recent smash single by **Tommy Edwards,** "It's All In The Game," is used as the title for his new album, but the numbers covered, such as "Please, Mr. Sun" and "Mr. Music Man," indicate that Tommy was no one-song sensation. The M-G-M LP is chock-full of excellent performances. . . . The **Brothers Everly** have another neat package wrapped up in bright ribbons under the Cadence label. The big side is "Love Of My Life," a ballad that the boys are right at home with. "Problems," the flip offering, makes more of the beat and has much to recommend it on its own merits. . . . **Peggy Lee,** who in the past has scored heavily in the torch song department, picks up the beat in keeping with the times in her latest Capitol album, "Things Are Swingin'." Peggy's numbers are strictly upbeat all the way. We get our biggest kicks from Peggy's deft diva-ing on "You're Getting To Be A Habit" and "Lullaby In Rhythm." . . . For an instrumental change of pace, catch **Richard Hayman's** fantastic harmonica-ing on the Mercury pairing of the real oldie, "Blues In The Night," and a new Italian ballad, "La Strada Del Amore." A virtuoso performance, to say the least.

One of the hardier perennials among the current crop of baritones, **Tony Bennett** has a sure-fire double-header going for him on his latest Columbia offering. The top side, "Love Look Away," is the first of many ballads that will be forthcoming from the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Flower Drum Song," and appears to be destined for big things. The reverse side is the old standard "Blue Moon," and Tony turns in a performance that is strictly professional. . . . "This One Is The Toni" is a new M-G-M album cut by good-looking warbler **Toni Carroll.** It's her first big package and a bright portent of things to come. The numbers are mostly standards which Toni delivers in calm, cool and collected fashion with an adroit assist from Phil Moore's fine orchestra. . . . Our old friends, the **Mills Brothers,** have a very pleasant pairing on the Dot label. Top side we find "Yellow Bird." The bottom etching is "Baby Clementine." Easy listening all the way.

END

Hollywood Lowdown

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they put on a big show for the nurses!

Jerry Wald had planned to ask Tyrone Power to play F. Scott Fitzgerald on the screen. Ty died of a heart attack at the age of 44. So did Fitzgerald, at the same age. . . . Robert Taylor assures me he will retire at the age of 50, in three years time. "I've had a wonderful career. But when I'm 50 I would like to live and work on a ranch, a big one." . . . Marlon Brando has the same problem as Elizabeth Taylor. They both get chubby bebetween pictures and oh, what a lot of dieting they must do before facing the cameras again.

Prediction—it will be years before Marilyn Monroe returns to Hollywood for another picture. She is always ill here, and the last visit for "Some Like It Hot," was agony for the blonde star, who has the misfortune to get pregnant while picture-making and unable therefore to stay in bed as per doctor's orders. She was expecting and lost a baby while doing "Prince And The Showgirl" with Laurence Olivier.

The top money earners in Hollywood —they make for themselves between $500,000 and one million dollars per annum—William Holden, Kirk Douglas, Marlon Brando, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper and Bob Hope. Not to overlook Desi Arnaz, now a tycoon with his own studio.

Kathryn Grayson is settling for a television career—"Until they start making pictures for women stars again." She's right. All the big roles are for men. Katie still hasn't forgotten or forgiven the former child actress whom she accuses of stealing her husband, Johnny Johnston, while Kathyrn was expecting daughter Patti-Kate.

Because he is so bored with the "bald" questions. Yul Brynner plans to let his top knot grow to its normal length—unless the movie part calls for no hair. His pate is getting quite sensitive from so much shaving. . . . Arlene Dahl has settled down into the role of loving housewife with just an occasional sprint into television. "She has looked after our son from birth," husband Fernando Lamas called to tell me, adding, "She is very happy in the role of wife and mother only." Fernando comes from the Argentine where the male is boss and he aims to keep it that way.

After fighting so hard for a new contract with CBS, Jim "Gunsmoke" Arness told me, "I've a year left on the deal with them. And now I'm almost hoping they do *not* meet my demands. I'd like to do something new next year." . . . Incidentally, as of going to press, Clint Walker was earning his living on a fishing boat while waiting for Warner Bros. to give him the extras he wanted before resuming as "Cheyenne." . . . And "Maverick," James Garner, is holding out for a one hundred percent jump in salary—from $750 to $1,500 a week. Plus the right to make an outside picture once a year.

Orson Welles is the actor with the biggest appetite. He thinks nothing of eating in one sitting, two dozen oysters, a whole chicken and heaven knows how many cakes for dessert. He didn't get that girth on nothing.

Not even the popular Paul Newman could make prize fight scenes popular on the screen. Which is why "The Jack Dempsey Story" will have less than ten minutes of actual fighting in the picture. . . . Maurice Chevalier isn't averse to playing Humbert Humbert in the movie version of "Lolita," if the 12-year-old nymphet is somewhat older. Mlle. Bardot has been suggested. But then it won't be the same shocking story, will it?

WELL again, Suzy Parker attends Gotham opening with husband Pierre De La Salle.

STRONG contender for an Academy Award is Jean Simmons, "Home After Dark" star.

A BIG smile breaks out on Sandra Dee's face when Jeff Chandler hugs her at party.

LOUIS Jourdan, at theatre with his wife, will be saucy Brigitte Bardot's next co-star.

Ernie Borgnine and Katy Jurado decided to wait the whole year for his California decree to be final. Who knows, by that time, he may decide that home is best and return to the heartbroken Mrs. Borgnine number one. . . . Jackie Coogan, former child actor, is daring his discoverer, Charlie Chaplin, to return to the United States and sue him when he films his autobiography, "The Kid." Coogan asked Chaplin for permission to use the title from their old movie. The answer was no. But he will.

Rod Steiger's definition of a Beatnik—"An intellectual without intelligence—sick people, victims of their neuroses." . . . Mike Todd, Jr., has been advised to change the name of his new process, Smellorama to Scentorama. The first film with perfume, is "Scent Of Danger," and Mike's stepmother, Elizabeth Taylor, will have a ten-second scene in the film.

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No Time For Marriage

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even too beat to leave the lot for a good dinner. Naturally, I was also too beat to learn today's lines, so I had to get up at three-thirty this morning and start studying. This happens quite often. At seven-thirty I reported to the makeup department, as usual. At eight-thirty we were back on the set shooting again.

"Now I have a beautiful home at Malibu Beach, but I'm lucky if I get to be in it over a weekend. So if I had a wife, I'd probably only get to see her over a weekend—unless of course (this with a sardonic grin) she moved in here with me. What a nice life for her this would be! She could watch me sign photographs and listen to me dictate letters, when I wasn't on the set, that is. She could take a powder during story conferences, wardrobe fittings and interviews such as this!

"Seriously—quite seriously—I firmly believe that marriage is to be enjoyed and shared. This applies especially during the first year or so of marriage, when you're working things out and making necessary adjustments. I've always believed in timing, believed that at certain times you lend yourself better to certain things and later to other things. For example, when I spent time overseas entertaining our troops there, that was the right time for me. I was able to do my best. For me, the one way is to pick the right time for anything important and then be prepared to give my all to it.

"Without reservation, this includes my sincerest feelings when I consider marriage. Isn't it better to select such time when you can smooth off the usual rough edges at the beginning of marriage and gradually grow closer together? I think it is. As I see it, this enables you to enjoy a full, rich life, as opposed to going through years of agony before you arrive at that plane of mutual camaraderie."

Primed for further analytical discussion, Raymond was suddenly interrupted by the unscheduled arrival of Ernie Tarzia, the popular Hollywood tailor. Challenging luck with wishful thinking, Tarzia had brought along with him ten tailored suits that were in various stages of incompletion.

"YOU see what I mean!" exclaimed an exasperated Burr, as he shrugged his massive shoulders. "These suits were ordered months ago and there just hasn't been time to give this patient man proper fittings. Most of my personal shopping has to be done over the telephone these days. I really think a doctor has better hours than mine."

They made a date for a lengthy fitting session—at five o'clock the following morning! Glancing anxiously at his wrist watch, Raymond channeled his thoughts again.

"Of course I genuinely like doing the 'Perry Mason' shows," he continued. "What I don't like is the unfortunate position, or working conditions, of television. You see, we aren't given the generous budgets allowed for the making of a major motion picture. So we must work fast and aside from the pressure, it's a great responsibility too. Our shows attract people from all walks of life—judges, school teachers, attorneys across the country, and we've had great effect on the general public.

"Being aware of this, how could I expect marriage to take second place and still do it justice? Even a Perry Mason couldn't solve that one! In life, or in my life, a man is dedicated to his job and a woman has to be twice as dedicated, because she has the responsibility of

AS MUCH as he would like to be married, Raymond feels this is not the right time.

running the home along with social amenities. My social activity is almost out these days and many engagements have to be cancelled, including those parties I give myself—or don't attend if I *do* give. Why, even when my parents were here visiting from Canada recently, I couldn't accompany them on the grand tour of the town I had arranged. It was their first vacation in many years and they were here for a week before I managed to be with them for an hour!

"This would be pretty tough for the average woman to take, and even a very special woman, I'm afraid, would gradually grow restless and discontented. Women like attention more than men and men like attention. Rightly so for women. They like things more emotional and it isn't enough to send flowers, to say I love you—and mean it. They want and need a little more evidence. A man should be conscious of this, which is why there is need for a longer time to get acquainted before marriage and a longer time after the marriage ceremony.

"Personally, I believe in long honeymoons and not a 24-hour honeymoon following a 24-hour infatuation. Wouldn't you think most people would want a two or three month honeymoon if it's humanly possible and not settle for a few days? The great adjustment period in married life is the first few months and newlyweds are bound to make unhappy compromises under pressure. As a rule, there are decisions that husbands and wives should make together, so they have to be together to make them.

"IN my case I have no objections to marrying a professional woman, because the chances for greater understanding are more prevalent. I'll give you an example of such a woman.

"I have a great and good friend, Evelyn Russell, who is a wonderful actress. We did shows overseas and during the course of our tour, I broke nine consecutive dates with her and she understood! Recently, when I went East we had a date for a happy reunion. Well, along came a hurricane this time and I had to call Evelyn from Boston and tell her I couldn't get there. Now she happens to be a most sought-after gal! But she understood because she is a great person and there aren't too many like her around!"

Since "The Perry Mason Show" started in April, 1957, Raymond Burr has averaged no more than four or five hours sleep each night. He's on the television screen more than 90 percent of each Saturday night's show, which is comparable to learning a Shakespearean play each week. Despite this, Raymond still plans to produce five pictures independently for his recently formed Del Mare Productions. Somehow, some way, he still manages not to neglect charities for all races and religions, pet projects quite close to his warm, enthusiastic heart. When then, if ever, will he find time for marriage which would complete the circle of his richly endowed life?

"Perhaps," he muses, "I should follow the admirable example set by Jack Kelly and May Wynn. We are close friends, even if I've only had time to visit their home—once! As you know, Jack is a big hit in the 'Maverick' series and they both work constantly. Because they refuse to be separated, he won't make a personal appearance tour unless she goes along. Neither Jack nor May will take a job that keeps them apart and I think they are very wise. A lot of people here started out very happy and I don't believe Hollywood broke them up. No, it's selfishness and refusing to accept conditions that does it most of the time.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all could peek into the future and see what is waiting for us? On second thought—I guess I for one shall continue to hang on and pray that everything, including marriage, will all work out for me when the time is right." **END**

Dodo in Yankeeland

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location because the company often worked straight through the week, frequently including Sundays on the shooting schedule. And a day's work was likely as not to extend far into the night.

"We had intended to film all the interior scenes back at the studio in Hollywood," Doris said, "but the weather changed our shooting schedule. It rained quite a lot, so to save time—and money—and keep the company from being idle when they were on location salary, we began filming interiors right in Chester. By the time we returned to Hollywood we just had two or three days of work left to finish up the picture.

"With all the activity going on to keep 'That Jane From Maine' rolling as fast as possible, I didn't have much time to socialize. The women were very understanding when I had to turn down practically all invitations for visits and parties. But it seemed to me it wouldn't be fair to accept some and refuse others, so I just had to stay away from the teas and luncheons, the dinners and other gatherings that I am sure would have been a lot of fun to join.

"IN ways that I suppose are common to women all over the world, the girls in Chester and the other nearby towns let me know they understood my situation. They'd send in delicious home-made cakes and cookies, and some of their famous New England specialties like seafood chowder—delicious and different from anything I'd ever tasted."

The kids took over where the teenagers and grownups left off. Their first glimpse of Doris convinced them she was "their kind of people." If she couldn't join them in their pastimes and expeditions, they'd do the next best thing and let her share in the fruits of their adventures. Sometimes these were the literal fruits of afternoons of berry picking. On other occasions, the fruit turned out to be fish.

"One day the two kids of a family down the road took our cook, Katie, to a special place on the river bank where the biggest and best catfish had their hideout," Doris recalled. "They came back with 17 catfish so lively and fresh I could hear them thumping and jumping around in a pail out in the kitchen when I came home. I immediately decided I'd never be able to eat one after it had been playing around my house, so happy—and noisy. But when those catfish came into the dining room on a platter that night, they were too wonderful to miss. I ate them as if they were total strangers!"

Whenever Doris could, she did the family marketing herself in a little store at Deep River. But the population of Chester and the surrounding countryside didn't have to depend on chance encounters at the market or hardware store to meet her. Most of them worked in the picture and got to know Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs and the rest of the cast as well.

They had the double thrill of seeing the stars in action and also being part of that action themselves. When they started, the crowds concentrated a little too pointedly on watching Doris and the other Hollywood people going through their paces. But after a few days they simmered down and trouped as efficiently as a crew of filmland extras working on any Hollywood set.

Because they were playing themselves didn't make their jobs easier. As any veteran actor will tell you, the toughest characterization to portray may be the one that hits closest to home and interprets your own personality. Even a professional often gets to feeling squeamish at times like that.

Until Doris came to town, Chester's only contact with movie stars had been through fan magazines like SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN. Local residents wondered amongst themselves whether she, or any of the cast, could live up to their printed reputations. They kept a sharp eye on Doris at work and as she moved about the town in her daily life there. One by one and group by group, the Connecticut Yankees became convinced that Doris was really the way she had been presented in print.

One girl had a better chance than the rest to observe her at close range under every kind of circumstance in her intimate personal surroundings. She was the young wife of the caretaker on the premises of Doris' New England home. She helped out only occasionally at the beginning, but soon became a regular member of the household. Far from being disillusioned by seeing Doris as others rarely have a chance to see her, she ended up by becoming an enthusiastic Doris Day fan.

IN a way, Doris was the house guest of the entire community around Chester. And any two-month house guest whose hosts don't want her to leave is bound to be very special—star or no star.

One reason Doris "wears well," as the saying goes, is this: She has just about the best proportioned ego in Hollywood. Big enough for stardom, but small enough to tuck away when not needed. This doesn't mean she brushes off or even questions her importance as a star. Just the contrary. It actually helps keep her up there, year after year, at the top of the Hollywood heap.

The other day, for instance, Doris was asked how come she has such good luck with her pictures, and recordings. Was it all in the lucky breaks she gets? Or

DORIS has no formula for success, but says you can help to make your own breaks.

does she use some secret formula to show herself to such good advantage in every movie she makes and every disc that carries her name? Her questioner sounded as if he thought the business of being a star was like entering a competition to see who can be cutest or funniest, snag the most footage, or grab the spotlight where it shines brightest.

"You can do a lot to make your own breaks, and there's no secret about my 'formula,'" Doris smiled in reply. "I simply look for scripts and songs *other people* are most apt to like. If I did only the things *I* like, I'd be pleasing myself, of course. But that's not enough for an actress or singer. Sometimes it's no good at all.

"When I read a script that's submitted to me, naturally I'm interested in how good my part is. But I also look at a screenplay to see how strong the other principal roles are—whether they'll interest the kind of actors who can make a good picture better just because they're in it. I'm a great believer in appreciating the importance of others."

Scarcely realizing it, Doris, with her cut-down-to-size ego, shows much the same appreciation of others in her personal life.

It's this outlook that sparked Doris' typical (for her) up-rating gratitude to the dry goods merchant for the use of his back room. . . . the realtor for finding her an extra nice house. . . . the landlords for making her one of the family by giving her their own responsibilities along with the house. . . . the women of the town for bringing her goodies. . . . the kids for filling her kitchen with buckets of thrashing, splashing fish. And all the rest.

Most people, when they're thrown among strangers, automatically try to put on a veneer of glamour and go on their best behavior. Not Doris. She behaves exactly as usual.

And the Connecticut Yankees in Queen Doris' Court discovered nothing could be more glamourous or better than that. **END**

Hollywood Love Life

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like a femme fatale. When she smiles, she's like a pixie. Actor Bob Evans saw the photos and said, "This is a girl I must meet." So he's been dating her, and so has Al Hedison.

NO ROMANCE—When Lance Reventlow is out of town, Al Hedison sometimes squires Jill St. John, but Al and Jill say this is an "ideal" arrangement. Reason: Jill's heart very definitely belongs to Lance and Al asserts he's not about to get serious with any girl. "I was in love once, back in Providence, but the girl wanted me to give up the idea of being an actor. So now I'm concentrating on my career," says Al.

NOT TRUE—*Contrary to rumor, Danish beauty Evy Norlund was not involved in the split of James and Gloria Darren. Since the Darren separation, Evy and Jim have had lunch a few times together because they go to the same drama class. And that's it!*

BING'S BOYS—Gary and Lindsay Crosby have taken an apartment together. Lindsay has a few more months to go in the Army and currently uses the digs only on weekend leaves. He's still dating June Blair and she was introducing him around her studio lot on his last visit to town. Gary "got his girl" in "Mardi Gras" but had no real love scenes. But he'll have them in "Holiday For Lovers" and he's glad. Off-screen, he's been dating a dancer named Candy Barr!

BABY TALK—*Hope Lange and Don Murray named their daughter Patricia because she was born in Ireland. . . . Jayne Mansfield giggled and confessed she got the bassinet for her baby with Green Stamps. Honest! . . . Cliff Robertson and Cynthia sold their hilltop house where he killed several rattlesnakes in the yard and have rented another until after their baby arrives in April. . . . Jeff and Dusty Hunter expect their image that month, too. . . . So do John and Cecily Gavin.*

BRITT BUSY—After May Britt finished "The Hunters" she didn't have another immediate film assignment and because her husband, Ed Gregson, had to leave town for three months for some Army duty, May hied herself off to New York to study photography. Back in Sweden, she had started studying with one of the top portrait photographers there. One day Italian producer Carlo Ponti came to look through the files for a "new blonde beauty." He saw May in the studio, not the files, signed her, and thus started her career in films.

WESTWARD HO—*David Nelson is a very happy young man because now he, too, is doing a Western, "Day Of The Outlaw." Even before brother Ricky was signed for "Rio Bravo," David had decided he wanted to do an "oater". David's interest in horses started with his friendship with Venetia Stephenson, a really expert horsewoman.*

REAL LOVE—Patricia Owens has proved her devotion to business man Jack Ellis, whom she'll marry after each gets a final divorce decree. Jack told Pat that someday he wanted another Schnauzer, a breed of dog he had some time ago. They're not too popular a breed in Southern California and Pat had to make a real search to get Jack a puppy for his birthday. When Jack had to go out of town on business, Pat took the pup home with her and had the job of housebreaking it for him!

PRESENTS—*Clint Walker has been off-salary for a long time, since he had his beef with Warners over "Cheyenne" on TV. But working or not, he bought his wife, Lucille, a Thunderbird for her birthday because he knew she'd wanted one for several years. . . . Chuck Connors, who as TV's "Rifleman" portrays a widower, gave a gold bracelet and disk to wife Betty for their tenth anniversary. He had it engraved "From the Widower to His Wife."*

MISS MISSES—Connie Stevens became so ill from shots she had before her trip to Korea that she was rushed to the hospital and had to miss the surprise birthday party she was having for her roommate Marianne Gaba. Connie turned over all the plans to another friend and the surprise was a success. Connie's still dating Gary Clarke and Marianne is one of Ricky Nelson's gals.

HOB'S HOUSE—*Hugh O'Brian has been so busy what with TV, a feature film and p.a. tours, that he had no time to buy furniture for his new house. He made do practically with a bed and kitchen range, until some pal said, "You're a male Jayne Mansfield"—no furniture, get it? That jolted Hugh into hiring Lyle Wheeler, an art director at 20th, to "do his house while Hugh is in London. Before he left for England his favorite date was Dorothy Johnson. They met at the Mexican film festival.*

SHORT SHOTS—Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw were a coosome twosome at the preview of "Auntie Mame" in which Roger has the juvenile lead; you'd never guess these two are now the parents of two fine little Smiths. Roger's TV lead in "77 Sunset Strip" is also making his film stock zoom. . . . Dolores Michaels is now talking annulment instead of divorce from her artist husband Maurice Martine. Actor John Duke went

THOUGH wed a year, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner still act like honeymooners.

all the way to Moab, Utah, to visit her on location for "Warlock". . . . Did you femme fans know that Barry Coe's fan mail is second only to Bob Wagner's at 20th now? That's certainly good second placing no matter how you look at it.

POSIES—*Donna Reed's producer-husband, Tony Owen, sends his actress wife a bouquet of roses every Monday morning with the beginning of work on a new episode of "The Donna Reed Show." There's always a sentimental note with the flowers. And they've been married 13 years!*

TOUGH—George Nader, once one of the most popular bachelors in town, is learning the toll of doing a "live" TV hour-long show every week. His "Ellery Queen" series requires so much rehearsal that George is becoming a "study and work" recluse. He took Martha Hyer to the Costumers Ball—"and that's been my social life for the season," moans George.

DATA ON DATES—*Tom Tryon, hitting his stride in that new Disney series "Texas John Slaughter" divides his free time between painting, cartooning and dating Valerie Allen and Norma Moore. . . . Fess Parker has been dating Tina Louise but he hasn't been neglecting Marcie Reinhart, either. Fess next costars in "The Jayhawkers" with Jeff Chandler. . . . Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins says he's a "nonconformist," so doesn't date glamour girls. His steady is a studio secretary. But she's pretty!*

ANNIVERSARIES—Jane Powell and Pat Nerney celebrated their fourth in Las Vegas where Jane had a dazzling night club success. She's really in the Glamour class now. . . . Andy and Doagie Devine have celebrated their happy 25th. . . . Kent "Rough Riders" Taylor and Mrs. T. rang bells for their 27th. . . . Oh, yes. Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have celebrated their first—and so have Bing and Kathryn Crosby. **END**

Why the Cary Grants Called It Quits

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been whispering for many months past?

Grant, went the rumors, had fallen hook, line and tailored dinner jacket for the lavish Mediterranean charms of one of his recent co-stars—a voluptuous, earthy beauty with eyes like mammoth, sun-ripened green olives. Whether the lady's lush, off-the-shoulder curves had titillated the world-weary, 54-year-old Grant, or whether he was truly unhappy at home, it was inside gossip that Cary was desperately smitten with Miss X. So infatuated, in fact, that well over a year ago, he reputedly begged Betsy to set him free in his fervent need to marry the object of his sudden affections.

True or not (Cary's supporters in a body denied that he would abandon Betsy), the marriage was already faltering long before the Mediterranean siren waved her dark eyelashes at Betsy Grant's handsome husband.

A restless man, a man of quicksilver, mercurial moods, Grant is a perfectionist for whom every moment of his life must be as happy as possible. His yearning for an impossible Heaven makes him a hard customer to live with. He is a newspaper folder, a picture straightener, a man whose clothes, shoes, ties and hats are all meticulously catalogued and indexed. Friends and former wives have confessed that his very perfection can become irksome. Cary himself admits, with that often charming twinkle, "Sometimes I even get tired of *myself*."

This may explain why, when a reporter once asked Cary, "Who is your favorite wife?" Grant answered, only half-jokingly, "They were all my favorites. The trouble was, I wasn't their favorite."

FOR 25 years, Cary Archibald Alexander Leach Grant (he legally adopted his professional name in 1942) has sauntered through the hothouse dreams of millions of female moviegoers—immaculate, impeccable, the epitome of the grand manner. He has gallantry and grace and the most famous dimpled chin in all the world; and when you ask him the secret of his life he tells you, "I believe people can do practically anything they set out to do, if they apply themselves diligently, and learn."

Over the years, Cary has charmed and brought delight and a glamourous escape to literally millions of people. For that, surely, he deserves a special Academy Award of his own. "If I meet a couple more guys from Hollywood like this Cary Grant," said one awed Eastern newsman, "I'm liable to get to thinking they're all nice people out there."

Yet for all Cary's belief in his philosophy, his first marriage, to starlet Virginia Cherrill (this was some 24 years ago) stayed alive only eight months, and after it he went into a sanatorium with a nervous breakdown. His second marriage, in 1942, to Barbara Hutton Mdvani Haugwitz-Reventlow—"the million-dollar baby from the five-and-ten-cent store"—fell apart within two years. After the separation, Miss Hutton declared, sadly, "Cary never took me out when we were married. I hardly saw him. At night, he was always busy with his clippings or the radio." Then, defending him, she added, "But he's not a bit conceited; in fact, he was always running himself down. He used to say, 'I can't understand why someone like you would marry me.' Since our divorce, we've become good friends; he's really very sweet and kind."

THERE is, however, a secret, gnawing fear in Grant that may have lots to do with his marriage failures. Said one intimate, "Cary is moody and has an inferiority complex that probably stems back to his acrobat and stilt-walking days. I don't think that he was ever cast in a film that he didn't want to get out of two days before shooting."

"Yes," Cary admitted, "I do get qualms. Just before the beginning of a picture I start to wonder if it's going to be all right. I'm always nervous like this."

The same qualms, the same uncertainty about a marriage may begin to disturb him, even before the honeymoon is over. Incredible as it may seem, the man who has made public love to the world's most incandescent screen beauties—Grace Kelly, Suzy Parker, Ingrid Bergman, Deborah Kerr and Sophia Loren, to list only a few recent ones—becomes grotesquely tongue-tied, flustered and awkward if he has to play a Romeo in real life. "When I go a-courtin'," Cary said once, "it's a very sad performance." Such confessed bumblings and fumblings seem all but unbelievable in a man with Cary's demonstrated charm, his *savoir-faire*, his fabulous life. Yet they exist, and Grant does not deny it. His first two wives, Grant once admitted ruefully, divorced him "because I was horrible, loathesome. They were absolutely right."

Moreover, there are apparently two very contrasting sides to Cary's character—two sides constantly at war with each other.

"Cary has an easily-aroused temper and is capable of such great concentration that it often appears to be an exhibition of selfishness," said writer Richard Hubler. "His previous marriage failures he attributed to the fact that he thought too much about his career and not enough about his wives. 'I was emotionally immature,' Cary said humbly. 'I persisted in my stupidities.' "

One of Cary's oldest associates made a sharp comment that illuminates the hidden Cary Grant. Said this man: "Cary cultivates few people and baffles many who know him. He's a kind of lone wolf, with spasms of gregariousness. He doesn't really enjoy entertaining and does so rarely. For instance, I myself have never eaten dinner at his house."

Still another long-time acquaintance observed, "People who are always as dominantly gay as Cary are those who at some interval of their lives have had a bad time of it. This certainly is true of Grant. The moment you touch on more heavy things, the instant you query him about his faith or his love or his ambitions, he turns the subject with a deft insinuation that another cocktail would help or that the weather in Southern California is really delightful."

In many ways, Cary has been a solitary since childhood. He was an only child who suffered a tragic blow at the age of ten, when his mother had to be committed to a mental institution. "She just disappeared one day," said Grant, "and for years I didn't know what happened. At 15 I ran away from home—we lived in Bristol, England—and I didn't see my father for a long time, though I knew he had found solace with another woman. It wasn't until much later that I learned my mother had had a breakdown."

This may partially explain why Cary keeps his emotions so tightly locked up, why he still seems, at times, an uncertain, unfulfilled human being. Often Cary has puzzled listeners by saying, "I'm dull; all I do is relax." Frequently he begins comments with, "Of course, you know all my opinions are idiotic." Once, when he was asked about his singing, he said, "I don't sing any more. I used to, but I wasn't good. As a matter of fact, I've never been very good at any thing."

There is more to these tortured self-appraisals than mere flippancy. Cary's zeal for an all-but-impossible perfection, his constant worrying ("I call him the Happy Worrier," said producer Jerry Wald) may be a fear of some personal failure. He allegedly despises his face and hangs the only pictures of himself in the bathroom. Most of all, Cary's favorite thesis is that, until a man is 35 or 40, he is often a self-centered idiot, and he uses as a horrible example, one Cary Grant, movie star. "I know I was impossible before 35," he says. "I'm hardly possible now. I may be more of a bore, but I feel I'm less of a boor. I'm a little less self-concerned now."

CARY was already 45 when he met Betsy Drake, a hopeful, not-too-well-known stage actress 19 years younger than himself. Betsy, the granddaughter of the founder of Chicago's famed Drake Hotel, had made a hit in London in "Deep Are The Roots." Tired after an eight-months' run of the play, she booked passage for home on the *Queen Elizabeth*, and it was then that she met Cary Grant.

"I was in the customs shed at Southhampton," Betsy recalled recently. "I was feeling a bit sorry for myself after a dull ride down on the boat train. Everything was damp and dismal, when suddenly two Rolls-Royces raced into the shed, and

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out of one of them stepped Cary Grant and playwright Freddie Lonsdale. The other car was loaded to the roof with luggage and hampers of wine. The two lads were feeling absolutely no pain, and I longed to enter into the fun. But Cary was oblivious, or seemed to be."

Nonetheless, Betsy was sitting next morning on the top deck of the *Queen Elizabeth* feeling very neglected when Merle Oberon came up to her. "I have a friend, Cary Grant, who would like to meet you," said Miss Oberon. "Will you have lunch with us?" Cary confessed to Betsy much later that he was quaking with fear that she might refuse.

That night Cary and Betsy strolled the ship's deck in the moonlight, listening to the dance band in the first-class salon and the whisper of the breeze around the life boats. The two talked of many things, since forgotten, but one thing Cary did say was, "You should be in Hollywood."

"No, thanks," said Betsy. "Not unless I go as a star."

"Well," said Mr. Grant, carefully digesting that, "come on out."

When Betsy Drake did arrive in Hollywood a few months later, Cary took her over to RKO, where he introduced her to Dore Schary and David Selznick. "Anybody needs a helping hand in Hollywood," said Cary at the time. "Nobody makes it alone. So I help this girl get started. I'm a business man; it's a good investment. RKO and Selznick can make her a star, and will. Then I can borrow her for my own independent productions. What's so wrong with that?"

QUITE obviously, there was nothing wrong. Very soon Betsy was given the lead opposite Grant in "Every Girl Should Be Married"—a "somewhat prophetic title," as some wit said. Cary startled Filmtown by allowing Betsy to take over most of the closeups and the lion's share of the film's footage. Either the shrewd Grant was desperately smitten or else he felt that Betsy could not miss becoming a star. Evenings, the two were seen together constantly. Then, on Christmas Day 1949, Howard Hughes, long a friend of Cary's, flew the couple to a ranch near Scottsdale, Arizona, and Betsy Drake became the third Mrs. Cary Grant.

Chortled Betsy's father, Carlos Drake (he was about the same age as Grant), "I've just acquired the handsomest son-in-law a man ever had."

There were those who felt that Betsy had made the mistake of her young life in marrying a man so much older. To a friend who said as much to Cary, he replied, "You may be right. I'm a flop at most things. But I'm lucky to have Betsy, she's so intelligent and sweet. Anyway, time answers all our problems and perhaps it will answer this one. I do think I met Betsy at the right time. Ten years ago I wouldn't have had the sense to appreciate her."

Neither Cary nor Betsy seemed concerned—then—about two careers in one family. "Cary is too successful, too well-established ever to worry about me becoming the bigger star," Betsy said. "And we'll never act together again. People might think I was put into a film just because my husband was Cary Grant." Yet, though Betsy made several films on her own, her career seemed to dissolve into the background—at least until recently. She had always "hated acting, anyway," and she turned back to her writing, to reading and painting, or wandering with Cary on freighters wherever his vagrant moods took him.

Cary should have been at peace, for the world was certainly his oyster, and an oyster with giant pearls in it. He was suave, rich and unbelievably romantic; his life was lived on a Technicolor set of Rolls-Royces and white yachts, peopled by men and women incredibly beautiful; and he owned the kind of charm that, as Director Leo McCarey said, "they just don't teach any more." His clothes he wore like a lithe Apollo; his perennial tan (beach in summer, sunlamp in winter) and his dazzling white-toothed smile made him the very epitome of Male Movie Star. He was sophisticated and urbane, and as one envious male remarked, watching him make love to Ingrid Bergman in "Indiscreet," "I just hope I look *half* as good at his age."

There was wit in him, too—a delightful wit—when he cared to use it. Chatting with a London newsman one day, Grant told of the time when he was still Archie Leach, stilt-walker, and was appearing in a theatre in Scotland. "They used to toss pennies at me," Cary chuckled. "But I was very lucky. They're throwing *rocks* now!"

True, Grant had a curious zeal for thrift, as Betsy well knew, and he was not above carefully scrutinizing the smallest items on a dinner check. If the total was wrong, he called the management. "You'd be surprised how much I save in the course of a year, doing this," Cary would say. "Why, it must be as much as two hundred dollars." There were occasions, too, when Cary became impatient with his wife's manifold hobbies, her inability to cook, her penchant for lugging home armloads of books and leaving them helter-skelter on tables, beds and chairs. "Do I," Cary once demanded of Betsy, "have to bulldoze my way through a mountain of these books each time I want to sit or lie in bed?"

NOT that Cary found Betsy anything but a dutiful wife—a wife both loving and kind. He leaned on her for comfort and solace and readily admitted it. Once, when he was absent from the set for a day and a half because of a mild digestive upset, Grant told co-workers that

MOODY Cary, now in "North By Northwest," expects life's every moment to be perfect.

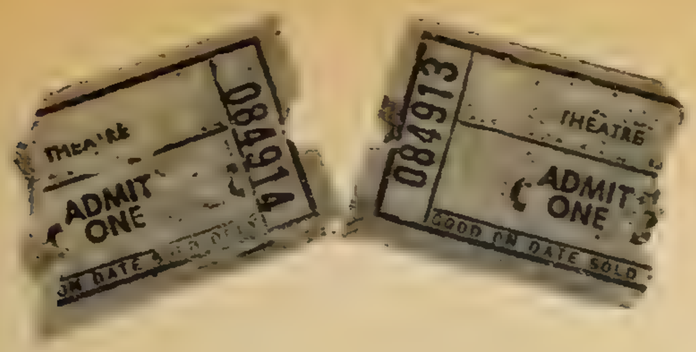
it was because he missed Betsy so much. (She was then in England making a picture.) "She looks after my diet so well," said Cary, "that my own judgment on what to eat and what not to eat has grown rusty from disuse. It's like a muscle that one doesn't use and then when one needs it, it isn't there."

But even so, there was the Cary of whirlwind moods and tempers—days when he sank into the doldrums or the vapours, and all he seemed able to offer a wife was a lowering silence. There were, besides, long absences when Cary was off to Spain or England or Washington, busily making pictures—months when Betsy had more or less to fend for herself. She had seen Cary's magnetic charm draw others to him, but she also knew that when he became bored, he just couldn't be bothered. Whenever the lone wolf in him took over, life with that glossy charm could become an ordeal.

"After a while," said a woman close to the couple, "Betsy realized that marriage to Cary had to be on his own terms. That's why Betsy's many hobbies became a substitute for the husband she didn't have. She made a couple of pictures in England, but the truth is, the two were apart so much there was hardly what you'd call a real partnership. Then, when the rumors started about Cary's supposed infatuation with that co-star, Betsy must have decided that here was the end."

Whatever the real reason, the restless perfectionist for whom every moment of his life must be as perfect as possible, had, alas, discovered that even his third marriage could not bring him happiness. And the "handsomest son-in-law a man ever had" could now go back to his shiny Rolls, his Technicolor life, his chi-chi international set and his sunlamp, wondering if mere perfectionism could ever be enough.

"The money he'll pay Betsy is nothing," said a friend. "What will hurt him most is the knowledge that he is, for the third time, a failure as a husband. That's the tragedy of Cary Grant, the man who just cannot seem to take marriage." **END**



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- ☐ **Houseboat** — *Cary Grant, Sophia Loren (Paramount)*
- ☐ **Bell, Book and Candle** — *James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Hermione Gingold, Elsa Lanchester, Janice Rule (Columbia Pictures)*
- ☐ **The Perfect Furlough** — *Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh (Universal-International)*
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- ☐ **Tunnel of Love** — *Doris Day, Richard Widmark, Gig Young (MGM)*
- ☐ **The Hanging Tree** — *Gary Cooper, Maria Schell (Warner Bros.)*
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- ☐ **That Jane from Maine** — *Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs (Columbia Pictures)*
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- ☐ **Shaggy Dog** — *Fred MacMurray, Jean Hagen (Walt Disney: Released by Buena Vista)*
- ☐ **Separate Tables** — *Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven (United Artists)*
- ☐ **Lonelyhearts** — *Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart (United Artists)*
- ☐ **House on Haunted Hill** — *Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart (Allied Artists)*
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3-2S

Once It Was My Betrayer— but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!

by Margaret Holland

THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly —*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow —who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly then when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was an unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over —" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms. I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief.

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Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel — or Marty, for that matter — if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat — as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're *irritable?*" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie — all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phoney. They just aren't *enough.*"

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all — the *unbearable* tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions — or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland — isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and *weren't* hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place — by overeating when you *were* hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to *my* problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, *SLIMTOWN*. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about *SLIMTOWN* made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin* — tried and true — the ingredient that fools your stomach — makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third — wonder of wonders — made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the *tension,* the *high-voltage irritability* you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that *SLIMTOWN* would melt off the pounds because the user would not only *not* feel like overeating — he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara — she weighs 200 pounds — or at least she did. I told Clara to take the *SLIMTOWN* I had received — told her to eat all she really *wanted* to eat and to take *SLIMTOWN* as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know — young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And *SLIMTOWN* will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I *really* want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "*SLIMTOWN* guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those *SLIMTOWNS* before they're gone."

"They *are* gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for *SLIMTOWN*. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

Here's the address:

Dept. H-51, **SLIMTOWN, 11 East 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.**

They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. *SLIMTOWN,* great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. *SLIMTOWN'S* there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of *SLIMTOWN,* we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through *SLIMTOWN*— whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like *SLIMTOWN*. You may order by sending $2.98 for the 10-day supply. $4.98 for 20-day supply. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

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"I'm No Rebel"

continued from page 35

"I'm happy," he smiles, ignoring his personal dissatisfaction with his work. "I like being the way I am, but I wouldn't say everybody else should be the same way. Do I think the world would be a happier place if each person were more independent? I don't know. I wouldn't presume to tell anyone, even (as you asked) my own child, that he'd be happier with my outlook.

"Some people aren't designed to stand alone. They'd be wretched, out of step with the crowd. Anyway, I'm not one who thinks that because he's an actor he's qualified to give advice on every subject.

"I read an interview in which an actor advises young people on all their problems, and I envy him his assurance. Somebody asks if a girl should kiss a boy on their first date, and he says 'yes' or 'no' without allowing for circumstance.

"I say, if she's real hot for him, maybe she should kiss him. How should I know?"

Paul shrugs off the problems of the imaginary couple.

"Let each person," he concludes, "decide for himself just what his standards should be."

If each actor, however, decided for himself that his attitude toward publicity would be the same as Paul's, columnists and magazine writers might face a long, dry spell. And with no personal publicity for the stars, where would the movie industry be?

Paul considered this seriously while he finished his last bite of steak. An intercom system had just called the cast of "The Philadelphian" back to the cameras from the lunch break in the pleasantly cool restaurant at the Long Beach airport where the company was on location.

"I've got a few minutes more," Paul assured, overriding his publicists' doubts. "Now, if every actor took my stand on publicity, I don't know where the movies would be. Frankly, I can't imagine how this notion that actors are public property got so out of hand anyway. I don't mind being cooperative within reason, but I feel that a man's home is his castle, and I do resent intrusions into my home.

"One of the biggest problems Joanne and I have is that of being alone together. It's almost impossible."

Paul modestly feels that he's a poor subject for an interview in any case.

"I can't just sit down and start talking about all my emotions. I'd much rather talk about politics or foreign policy or education or Sputnik. They're all more interesting than the secret life of Paul Newman. I'd rather read *The New York Times* than *Variety*, so I suppose I'm a pretty stuffy, academic sort of person."

In view of his thirst for privacy and his critical appraisal of Movietown, Paul is surprisingly resigned to the idea his expected child may be a Hollywoodite.

"May be," he qualifies. "Joanne and I make our home in New York, and our child may grow up there. My agent has advised me against doing a Broadway play. He says I can't stay away from motion pictures that long without endangering my career. But I have a chance to be in a good play and I'm taking it.

"MAYBE Joanne and I aren't normal, but we like to think we are," chuckles Paul.

"Where our child is concerned, we believe that normal parents can give a child a good, happy home anywhere. Maybe, of course," Paul chuckles, "Joanne and I aren't normal. But we like to think that we are."

The insistent hands of the clock remind that the lunch break is more than over.

"Well," says Paul, "I've enjoyed meeting you. We've gone into some pretty deep subjects. I read the other day that a scientist thinks he's proved that all human life is simply the result of an accidental combination of gasses, which suggests that the only reason we're here is to belch. It's a depressing idea, isn't it?"

And jauntily, in spite of the gloomy exit line, Paul Newman dashes off to become the hero of "The Philadelphian."

Earlier in the day, the first time I'd seen him, he'd been completely alone. The other players and crew were clustered in congenial, little knots eating lunch. Some were at tables on the edge of the flying field. Others were seated in conversational groups in the terminal lobby, but Paul Newman was going his way unattended, and obviously uncaring, as he sped to the restaurant.

And, in the first glimpse, perhaps I'd seen the true man. Paul Newman selects his goal and goes his way. And, because he won't be diverted by the crowd, he'd probably achieve his objective sooner than most. But for one thing. Tormentingly, his objective is perfection. No man achieves that ever.

But Paul, enjoying his misery, will do some wonderful acting while he reaches for the unreachable. **END**

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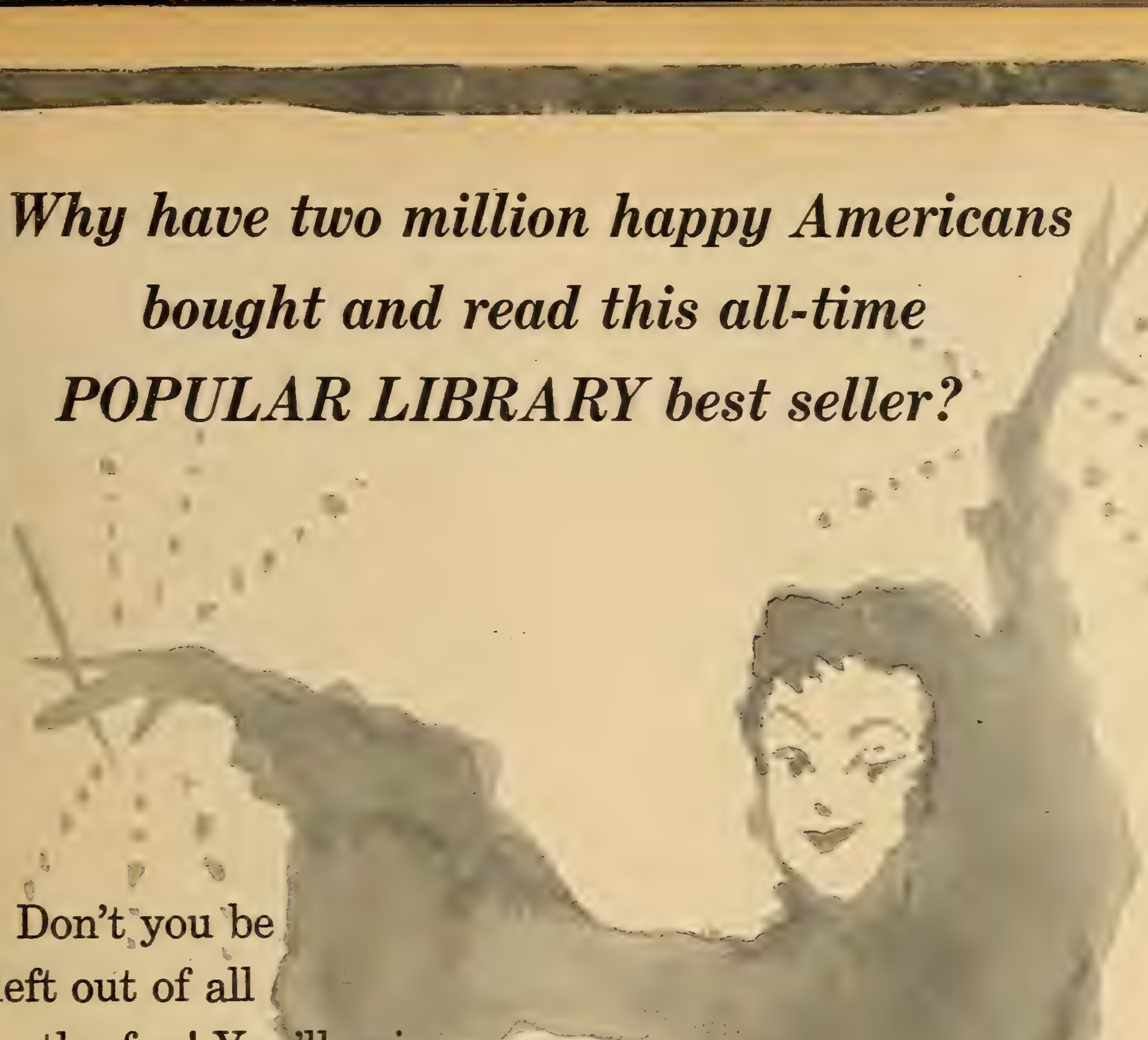

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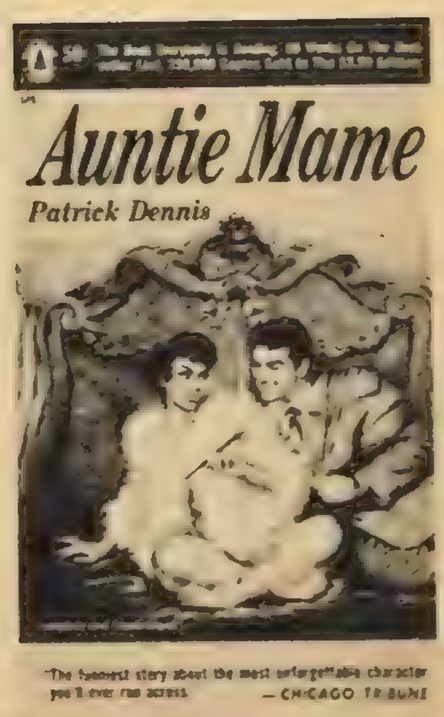

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The Problems Of Being Bing's Son

continued from page 49

keep comparing us know this just as well as I do!"

At the same time, evaluating his situation honestly, Gary admits that being the son of a famous father can and has made life more difficult even where his own family is concerned.

Because Bing has always feared what might happen if the boys grew up with all the privileges his name, income and reputation could provide them, he went overboard the other way to instill them with "a proper sense of values."

When Gary was still in high school, his weekly allowance was $1. Most boys in his wealthy neighborhood got two, three and five times as much. What's more, to get even that allowance, he had to do certain chores around the house. "Every Saturday I used to rake up leaves and mow lawns, and of course I had to keep my room cleaned up all week round." He didn't say it, but he could have added that the Crosby boys were undoubtedly the only boys in exclusive Holmby Hills who had to do this.

In college, he received $5 a week, also considerably less than his class-mates, most of whom had little trouble getting additional funds from their families if they ran short. Gary never did.

Gary still recalls a hot July day at his father's 19,000-acre ranch near Elko, Nevada, where he and his brothers held regular ranch jobs during summer vacation, and were paid the same wages as the other hands who did similar work. That day it was Gary's chore to creosote some fence posts. The heat made him sleepy and he dozed off waiting for the creosote to boil. By the time he awoke, some of the posts had caught on fire.

"Dad rode up just as I was stamping it out," Gary recalls. "He didn't say a word. He just deducted the damage from my wages. . . ."

Always sensitive to public opinion, when Gary was still in school Bing also made certain that he and his brothers lived a carefully supervised home life. "When I was in my teens, I had to be home by ten on weekdays and twelve on Saturday nights. When I didn't comply, Dad lowered the boom. . . ." Usually, that meant not going out at all for a couple of weeks. "Dad always stayed up until after I got home," says Gary. "I remember one evening when I came back from a show about half an hour late. I felt pretty uncomfortable when I opened the front door but was relieved when I didn't find Dad in the living room. To avoid giving myself away, I sneaked upstairs as quietly as possible. The next day I realized I didn't fool him. He knew exactly what time it was when I got in. How, I don't know. I got punished just the same. . . ."

Bing's attitude towards Gary's education didn't exactly speed up his career, either. In fact, in the beginning he made no secret that he was not in favor of a show business career for his oldest son.

Gary wasn't quite four when he warbled his first song. "Miss Otis Regrets," while sitting in a bathtub, but 12 years went by before he made his first record. He had accompanied his dad to a recording date in Hollywood and Dave Kapp, a Decca vice president, suddenly suggested to Bing: "How about you and Gary making a record together?"

Bing hesitated—then agreed. The result was a 90-minute session which produced "Simple Melody" on one side and "Sam's Song" on the other.

Leaving the studio, Gary turned to his father. "Dad, how much do you figure I'll get for making that record with you?"

"Maybe four or five hundred dollars, if you're lucky and it goes well," Bing told him.

In the next few months Gary's first recording—"by Gary Crosby & Friend," as it was labeled, had sold nearly one and a half million copies, brought demands for more records, floods of fan mail, and $20,000 in cash.

Gary would have readily quit school and concentrated on making more records. Bing turned him down. He was determined that Gary should go to college, whether he liked it or not. Although Gary was allowed "to do a few turns," as Bing called it, during summer vacations, he really didn't have a chance to get into show business full time until last summer, when he signed a non-exclusive contract with 20th Century-Fox. He was 25 then.

The French have an expression, *noblesse oblige*, which means being a nobleman has certain obligations. Being Bing's son has a lot of obligations too, Gary's learned. Whatever he does, or

BEING Bing's son has some advantages as well as disadvantages, honest Gary admits.

says, is being watched and criticized far more severely than if he were entirely on his own.

For instance, Gary rightfully prides himself on being a good and careful driver. In seven years he's had just one ticket—when a cop caught him doing 40 miles in a 25 mile zone.

"Great Scott!" the officer cried out when he made him pull over to the side. "It's Bing's son!"

The next day every Los Angeles paper carried an exaggerated account of how Gary was chased and finally caught by the law.

When he goes to Las Vegas to date a Tropicana cutie, it makes headlines. When a reporter asks him to comment on his or his brothers' or his Dad's home life, and Gary refuses, it's said, "He takes after his old man." Actually, Gary talks easily and pleasantly about everything except girls, which he considers his own business, and about politics and religion.

In fact. when Gary first started drawing public attention and reporters began to corner him for his opinions, he asked his father for advice.

Said Bing, "Be agreeable and be thankful that they are sufficiently interested in you to ask questions!"

Bing himself is extremely careful in complimenting his son, for fear that exuberant praise may go to his head. Once, after Gary appeared on the Tennessee Ernie Ford TV show, he received one of Bing's rare praises via a telegram. "You sounded good in Elko, son."

Gary carried it in his wallet for days.

Whether or not Bing has been too strict with Gary, or for that matter, whether he has been one hundred percent successful, is as debatable as the age-old controversy of how much of an asset it is to have a famous man for a father.

What counts, however, is the opinion of the person it concerns most—Gary Crosby. And he's happy being who he is and what he is. "I'd be crazy to feel any other way," he insists. **END**

Who's A Dumb Blonde?

continued from page 47

a plot to star Ann in a new series as one Katy O'Connor, heart-of-gold assistant manager of a swanky New York residential hotel. Ann was to be the same free-swinging blonde, but with fancier clothes, plus a 50% interest in the new show. Not even Ann could resist. "It just happens that Desi Arnaz knows more about television than almost anybody in the business," said Ann, "and you can't argue with success. As for Lucy, the two of us worked together in the old days at RKO. Now I produce my show and she owns the studio. I guess that settles that."

Miss Sothern, a lady tycoon extraordinaire, need hardly worry as to who owns what. She has been doing pretty well in the dollar department almost from the time she was born Harriette Lake in Valley City, North Dakota. "You know, I've never really seen Valley City," said Ann not long ago. "My mother was a singer on the road and she stopped off and had me there. I spent most of my childhood in Minneapolis."

This she did, as a child music prodigy. Ann's mother was Annette-Yde, a well-known concert singer, and her maternal grandfather, Hans Nilson, was a famous Danish violinist. Before she was ten, Ann had been run over by every type of wheeled vehicle, except the horse-drawn, including tricycles, bicycles and cars. Once she was almost burned to death when her nightgown caught fire. By the time she was 11, little Harriette Lake, the ebullient, wise-cracking Maisie-to-be, was playing Beethoven, Brahms and Bach on the piano, and at 13 she had her own original composition, "Study in B," performed by the Minneapolis Symphony. While Ann was still in her teens (movie mogul Harry Cohn was later to name her "Ann Sothern"), her mother came to California—and it was there Ann was discovered while doing a duet with her celebrated parent.

This led to an acting career in New York, and then Hollywood, where in her fabulous MGM "Maisie" days, Miss Sothern was the tenant of a star's dressing room that had just been vacated by the fabulous Garbo.

There was a marriage to bandleader Roger Pryor, and then, later, a second. to actor Robert Sterling. Both ended in divorce. But Ann did have her daughter Tish, a magnificent Beverly Hills home filled with antiques and Meissen china, a Lincoln Continental convertible (the classic Mark I, not the later, series), a vacation home in Sun Valley, Idaho, and a reputation as a skier, art collector and champion fisherwoman. Once Ann refused to pose for publicity pictures in a scanty ski outfit that some manufacturer wanted to drape around her chassis —and an elegant chassis it was, too. The ski costume was an abbreviated thing and as Ann described it, "It came clear up to here."

"Look," Ann told the manufacturer tartly, "when I pose in anything glamourous, it's going to be an Adrian gown. But when I ski, I ski in Andre pants."

Yet even with all her success, being single isn't quite Ann's cup of tea. "I'm a girl who shouldn't be alone," she says to friends. Men were available, but not Ann's kind of men. Then came the bleakest period of her life. She found herself suddenly an invalid, after an almost fatal siege of hepatitis. It was a long, mysteri-

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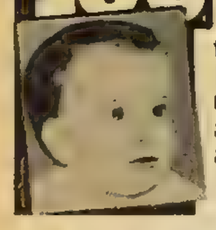

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ous illness, a two-year fight against a completely debilitating disease. But as Ann's friends have said, "It was her faith in God that helped her back to health. That, and her love for her daughter. She was all but forgotten, but she came back greater than ever."

But for a long time there seemed little to live for except pain. Ann's career was gone, much of her money was gone, and she had to play Maisie on the radio, working with a mike suspended over her pillow. She shut herself away from the world and contemplated the prospective ruin of her life and career. "I thought I was Ann the indefatigable, the indestructible, but I found out I was as vulnerable to pain as the next woman," she said. "I told myself that if I recovered, I would build a spiritual structure so firm and so substantial that the worst shocks of life could not disturb it."

That was when she became converted to the Catholic faith. One friend who helped her enormously was actor Richard Egan. He was enormously patient, sweet and understanding during a miserable period of my life." The truth is that Ann, in real life, is the antithesis of the slap-happy blonde. She is not a girl who makes friends in a hurry. It takes her a while to thaw out, but she has never lost a friend. Her tongue, at times, can be peppery, but she is not malicious. On occasion, strangers stop her, saying coyly, "I'm sure you don't remember me, but—" They are just as likely to get cut short with. "You're right, I don't."

There are, of course, things that Ann cannot do. "She can play Beethoven," laughed one intimate, "but she can't finagle a yo-yo worth a hoot." Her eyes, she declares, are "Jack Benny blue," and she confesses that she is "probably the worst sleeper in the world—the worst. I go to sleep and in four hours I'm awake —wide awake." She cannot walk into a room unless something is open. "If a room is closed," she says, "I open something. I have a thing about tunnels." Though she no longer goes game fishing or skis—"I can't afford to break anything"—she recently became a trap shooting enthusiast while vacationing at her home in Sun Valley, and she enjoys the feel of a fine gun. "But I won't go hunting," she says. "I can't bear to kill any living thing."

Ann maintains there are "have" and "have-not" people when it comes to humor. "You're born with it, definitely," she insists. And she can laugh at herself. "I can't stand someone who can't laugh at himself." She believes it important to be aware of your faults, and when you're wrong, to admit it. She has a huge stock of determination, and once stayed off the screen for a whole year, just because she didn't like the parts that her studio assigned to her.

Above all, Ann is feminine and undeniably attractive, and has many women friends as well as men. But toward men she is alert, witty and anything but naive. Candid about her acting ability, she once confessed, "I just don't have that thing that makes you want to play Joan of Arc." Yet she made up her mind several years ago to become a four-career girl and invaded the night club field with a $40,000 act, just to prove she could do it. The spot, of course, was Las Vegas, and before she did her first show, she went to morning Mass. "What's she trying this night club thing for?" someone asked. "For $25,000 a week," was the answer. The ovation Ann got, according to reports, was overwhelming. "If you don't stop cheering," she told the enthusiastic crowd, "I'll start crying and my mascara will run."

BY her own admission, Ann has had "an awfully long career—awfully long." What has kept her a success and a public favorite so long is not because she is more talented, or even luckier, than other show business personalities. "She happens to have, among other things," one critic said, "that quality that is all too rare in the tinsel world of entertainment —sincerity. This, plus a genuine love for her work. As one ardent fan, a private secretary, no less, put it, 'There's something about her—she's so cute and likeable. She's a little peach pie.' "

Little peach pie Miss Sothern is indeed, but she is also as canny and dollar-wise a business woman as ever came down the pike. In "Private Secretary" she was, designedly, the "darling of the broken fingernail brigade, the secretaries." When she put together her record album several years ago called "Sothern Exposure," she wisely did standard ballads —"The Last Time I Saw Paris," "Always," and others of that genre. The album sold well. Her music publishing business, the A-Bar-S Music Company, came about as a result of her entry into the record field. It's a money-maker, too.

Says Ann, "I signed a contract to record an album for Tops Records, and while looking over possible songs to record, I found a beautiful original called 'Another Year,' written by Ian Bernard. When I told Ian I would like to include it in the album, he said, 'Wonderful! But we'll have to get a publisher first.' "

What follows is just what one would expect of Miss Sothern. "I found out," said Ann, "that publishers of songs receive royalties on performances, and if a song is successful, a lot of money could be made selling sheet music. We were in the publishing business the next week."

There is also the Ann Sothern Sewing Center in Sun Valley—a project Ann started several years ago. It had its genesis one day while Miss Sothern was on one of her periodic holidays at the famed ski resort. "I wanted to do some sewing," she says, "and I discovered there was really no shop in town that carried a complete line of materials. Something clicked and one month later I opened the shop."

The business has prospered so that its owner has had to break through the walls for expansion, and she now carries a line of smart ready-to-wear sports clothes. Ann is her own head salesgirl, and everything she sells is merchandise personally bought, either in San Francisco or New York. "When I'd go on buying trips," Ann smiled, "the Seventh Avenue garment manufacturers would keep staring at me. 'Aren't you Ann Sothern?' they'd ask. 'What are you doing in the "rag" business?' I had to explain that I was there in my capacity as a lady buyer. It always floored them."

Ask Ann if the Sewing Center pays, and her answer is quick. "I never go into anything that doesn't pay," she says. "There's no fortune in the sewing center, but it does all right." Other Sothern ventures that do "all right" are her A-Bar-S Cattle Company, which runs some 1200 head of white-faced Herefords on a "tenant" arrangement in Idaho; Vincent Productions, her original TV unit; and now her new Anso Productions, created specifically for the current CBS series. Entrepreneurs of all varieties constantly seek her out, hopeful that Sothern money will finance their projects. But Ann displays an uncanny knack for picking sweet from sour.

She was tempted with a sheep ranch in Wyoming, a land speculation deal in Brazil and a plan to "electrify the Sahara Desert to make it productive." All such blue sky deals were given a quick "No." "One day," Ann recalls with a smile, "I was invited to buy an interest in a new hair restorer. But when the inventor called and displayed a shining bald head, I knew this wouldn't do for me."

Ann likes to say that she is lazy—the laziest girl around. All through my career I seemed to be kind of thrust into things." But for a lazy girl, she is a spunky, ash-blonde dynamo, improving each shining hour. Almost nothing is done on her show without her sharp-eyed approval. "If anyone tells you TV is easy," she says, "you can hit them over the head for me. I live on gelatine and orange juice, just to keep going. In television you must give of yourself at such a pitch that it takes everything out of you."

Yet she still has time for long hours with Tish ("We have a wonderful rapport"), for planning the color schemes of her executive offices, her dressing room, her big new house. "Recently," said Ann, "I changed my whole life. I've always lived with blue, a kind of grey-blue, very soft. When I moved into my new house—it's the biggest, best house I ever had; I just rattle around in it—I did the whole thing in white, except for my coral bedroom. I just thought it was time to do the whole bit differently. And I like it; I'm happy in the house, and that's so important. Tish is happy, too; what more can I ask?"

Marriage, perhaps, but on this subject Ann has little to declare. "I don't rule out marriage," she admitted. "There's just nothing to be said about it now. I bought this house, not so much for myself but for Tish. I guess I'm an old-fashioned mother, but I feel that children should have a home to come to—and that they should want to come to the house with their friends. Of course, if I meet the right man, I'll quit this business in a second. Until then, I'll have to spend my time hermetically sealed on Stage 3, waiting for Tish to grow up and have lots of children so I can be a grandmother."

"Grandmother, indeed!" laughed a friend. "Somebody better hurry and get that key to Stage 3; there's a lot of Sothern peach pie still cooking!" **END**

Look—But Don't Touch

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only they'd had the sense—and the sensitivity—to bide their time and meanwhile leave her alone.

There was a boy she met at a party in New York a while back, who, like Tina, was about to come to Hollywood. She rather liked him and thought it would be nice to spend some time with him when they were both on the Coast. But he spoiled his chances by telling—not asking—her to leave the party with him and have a nightcap at his place, where they'd be a twosome instead of part of a crowd.

"I simply don't like men to take too much initiative," she observed. "It bothers me when they take things for granted that they have no right to. Even a good-night kiss is something they shouldn't act as if they expect, like the dessert that goes with a Blue Plate Special.

"Of course, I don't mean that I enjoy having a man sit around contributing absolutely nothing to a situation. Any girl gets a lot of pleasure out of having a man make a fuss over her—up to a point. But the things I mean when I say 'make a fuss' haven't anything to do with making a pass. They're the little things a man does to show he appreciates a girl. Maybe it's only the way he listens when she talks, or the way he smiles when she comes into a room. Maybe it's the things he has to say about her dress, or her opinion of a show, or the way she's decorated her apartment. He can show his appreciation of a girl in plenty of other ways besides mauling her."

Tina can't see anything peculiar about what some men have told her is a peculiarity not shared by other girls. It's this: She can't bear being touched physi-

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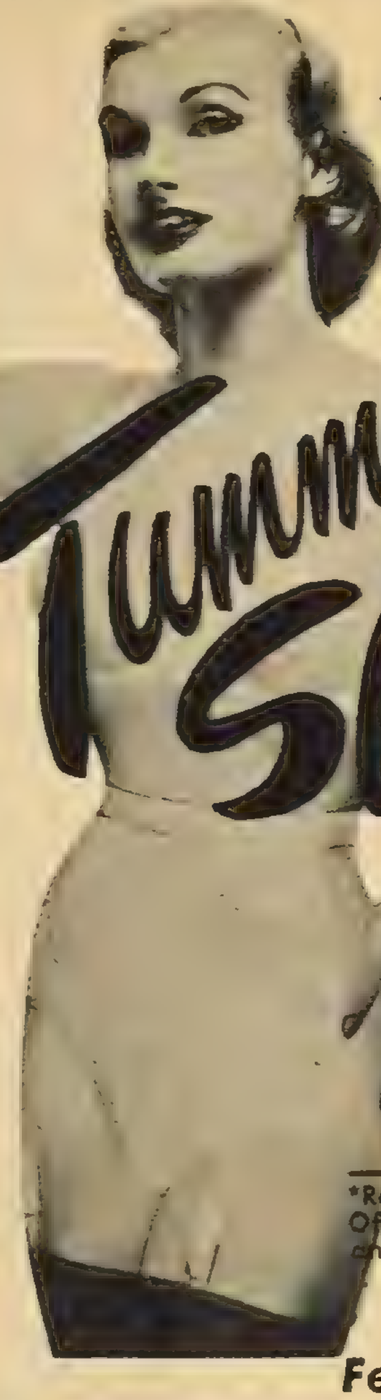

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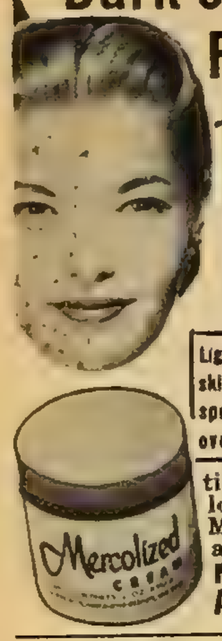

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continued

cally unless she's made the first move, or she and her boy friend are motivated by the same idea at the same time.

"The most interesting men I've ever met," she said with astonishing honesty, "are those I've kissed first!"

That, I decided, definitely called for an explanation.

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you exactly what happened a few months ago in New York. I'd had a date with a young man who's doing very well right now in television. He's a clever fellow, interesting and lots of fun to be with. We went to a show one night and after he brought me home we sat around talking till it got quite late. When he looked at his watch and saw it was almost two o'clock, he got right up, put on his coat and started to go. As he began walking to the elevator I asked in amazement, "Aren't you going to give me a good-night kiss?"

"Well, what did he say to that?" I wanted to know.

"Say?" Tina replied in a don't-be-silly tone. "He didn't say anything. The rest of our good-night was *not* carried out in conversation!"

The same sort of thing happened the first time Tina ever fell in love. She and her escort were coming home from a party. They got all the way to her apartment building in a cab and nothing happened. So Tina promptly fell in love and kissed him.

"I guess I suddenly fell in love and kissed him because *he* hadn't kissed *me*," she said with characteristically feminine logic. "If he had, it would have made him seem very ordinary, like the others."

By "the others" Tina means, of course, the grab-it-wherever-you-can characters who try to infest the life of this spectacularly endowed young lovely whose beauty and physical attributes can't be hidden, short of enveloping her in a tent. To date, she has not been under canvas, though producers are inclined to ballyhoo her bounteous figure like a three-ring circus. And who can blame them? Certainly not the movie, theatre or television viewing public.

"I'm in a business where, in a sense, I have to sell my physical attributes by playing roles that emphasize my appearance." Tina was quite matter of fact about it. "And I really have to watch my figure all the time," she added, blithely pouring practically the entire contents of the cream pitcher into her coffee. "But I expect my personal friends to have other ways of being interested in me and knowing me than by the face or figure I happen to have.

"I don't feel flattered at all when men take my personal measure by my physical measurements. The men who do—and that's most of them—are usually not marriage-minded. I am. Put these two facts together and you're bound to come up

EVER since coming out to Hollywood, Tina has been a target for the rush act Romeos.

with complications, I guess, though I'm certainly not a complicated person myself. In fact, I seem simple enough to *me*. The first time a would-be boy friend told me I was complicating things I was honestly surprised.

"'You're making a big complicated production out of something perfectly ordinary,' he told me, 'and you're making an insult out of a compliment. You're unreasonable and stubborn.'

"'That's not so,' I answered back. 'I want to get married, but I wouldn't want to marry you, so there's no reason for us to get together. It's just a waste of time on both sides, and I don't believe in wasting time. Now what's complicated about that? Or unreasonable? And I'm not stubborn—just strong-minded.'"

Tina shook her head and shrugged. "Weak-minded girls with not much character are supposed to be getting into trouble all the time. With me, it's just the opposite. My strong mind is what gets me into trouble with men and makes complications when all they want is what they call 'a good time.'

In Hollywood, where practically everyone is an amateur analyst, Tina is refreshingly down to earth—but paradoxical as beer in a champagne glass.

On the set, before "The Hangman" company broke for lunch, an Angry Young Man type was bugging her by asking how she accounts for what he called "the cross-currents in her character."

"You're full of inner conflicts," he told Tina. "Why don't you probe them instead of hiding in a book all the time?" He pointed to the copy of "Dr. Zhivago" she'd been trying to read between scenes.

"Thanks," answered Tina, "but I think self-analysis is depressing—and I have no inner conflicts. The only conflicts I have are with the mixed up outsiders who confuse my professional characterizations with my personal character."

Being, as she says, a very physical person, Tina used to be attracted to her counterpart in men. Then she found she couldn't fulfill her ideals and ambitions unless she gave up going with the types that correspond too well with her own.

"Perhaps in a way I'm sacrificing some-

thing of the present for the future," she speculated. "If so, I believe it's worthwhile. I'm willing to make my concessions now, for the sake of permanent happiness in the years ahead. I keep thinking about marriage and hope somebody else in the world has the same ideas I do about it, and that we finally will get together and live happily ever after.

"As long as I keep this in mind, I find I can have the most fun with people I'm not physically attracted to. If I have mental rapport with someone, feel that we're interested in the same things, I'm happy 24 hours a day. It doesn't matter if we disagree occasionally or have different points of view now and then. Things like that can be stimulating when there is basic harmony between two people. Sometimes, though, you try to kid yourself that harmony and understanding are there when they're not. That's no good."

When something like that happens to Tina she takes refuge in her own resources—not always necessarily mental ones, although she's an avid reader.

"Last night I kicked up a storm all by myself," she said. "Dancing. No, not *going* dancing. Just dancing around the house. Solo. I put on a terrific recording of 'Heat Wave' and made up the wildest modern jazz number anybody—or in this case, nobody—ever saw. I studied modern dance in New York for years—Martha Graham and all that—but I love modern jazz dancing best. It's a wonderful way to let off steam."

While steaming full speed ahead toward the marriage she claims as her ultimate ambition in life, putting it even ahead of her career, Tina is looking over the field with eyes wide open. She's willing to meet all types, but definitely reserves the right to say NO when they make the wrong moves or ask the wrong questions.

"Sometimes I think I'm awfully far away from marriage. This year I haven't even had many dates," she confessed. "Too busy. And maybe my methods aren't getting me any closer to my goal. But in the meantime, I just don't care to go with people who keep wanting to 'physicalize'. I get plenty of that in my work."

You won't find Tina's word "physicalize" in any dictionary, but she couldn't have made her meaning any clearer if she'd quoted the entire Kinsey Report.

"Men!" she exclaimed, wrapping up the subject. "They're a puzzlement." Then she smiled as if she were laughing at herself a little. "But so are women. I guess that makes it even." **END**

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 55

The most successful young marriage in town—Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner. They have been inseparable 24 hours a day. It's cute to see her on his set, and lunching with him every day at the studio. Of course when she starts making pictures again, they will be parted during the day. But this is *love*. . . . Julie Andrews is already occupying the apartment in London where she will live when she marries designer Tony Walton this summer. . . . Grace Kelly solved her dilemma by inviting Cary Grant for Christmas and Betsy Drake for the New Year, in Monaco. Everything Grace does in that tiny principality makes news. When she changed her hairdo a corps of photographers awaited her exit from the beauty parlor. And when she's expecting a baby, that's bigger news of course. There's a rumor that twins are on the royal horizon.

Nice of Mamie Van Doren to wait until her love scenes with Ray Anthony were finished in "The Beat Generation," before she filed suit for divorce. . . . Ava Gardner made one of the best deals of the year—for $400,000 in cash, plus a percentage, a house in Melbourne, servants, passage and expenses for her sister and manager—to star in "On The Beach" in Australia, with Gregory Peck, Tony Perkins and Fred Astaire. . . . Greg's deal was even better, with all expenses for his wife and family.

Shirley MacLaine is hoping to amend her contract with Hal Wallis so she can make an occasional outside picture and keep the money she makes. But it isn't yet the $100,000 her press agents said she received for "Some Came Running." "It was $35,000," Mr. Wallis told me, "and she got most of it." Shirley's domestic status is still not what you call ideal with her husband filming in Japan for so many months of each year.

Ricky Nelson's future plans include a Western with brother David, and to own and operate a cattle ranch. As a start, Ricky bought a horse. . . . The Jack Palances tried to make the reconciliation stick, but last reports have Virginia heading for the divorce courts. . . . Whatever happened to June Allyson's movie career? I'd like to see her on the screen again, wouldn't you? . . .

John Wayne's handsome son, Pat, comes into a trust fund of $100,000 when he is 21. The premium was paid at birth. The very good looking Pat isn't entirely sure that movies will be his full-time career. But nothing can stop Alan Ladd's young son David. This boy is a born actor. . . . Tony Perkins may or may not be delighted with the news that Brigitte Bardot wants him for a picture.

I wonder if Peter Lawford has his suite at the White House picked out? His brother-in-law, John Kennedy, could be the next president. . . . That's all for this semester. See you next month. **END**

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

remains of O'Brien's sub. Understandably, O'Brien is somewhat irked at Garner and his next to impossible mission. Fortunately, the crew doesn't allow these petty differences to get the better of them, they manage to shoot down a Zero and sink the destroyer. Busy? You bet, but that's small potatoes compared to what's in store for Garner on the island. . . . (Warner Bros.)

A Stranger In My Arms

BECAUSE Army pilot Jeff Chandler was with her husband when he died on a life raft at sea, June Allyson would like to know the details of her husband's last days. Even more interested are the dead man's parents, Mary Astor and Conrad Nagel. Mary, the typical dominating female, will stop at nothing to get her son a posthumously award Medal of Honor. With a father-in-law, Charles Coburn, who is wealthy, influential and on the Washington scene, it's a cinch. But Chandler won't join in the game. His reasons are a long time in the telling, giving Jeff and June the needed time to discover each other. A nice workman-like soap opera that rolls up its sleeve and plunges into the dirty family linen. (Universal-International.)

The Hanging Tree

TALL, lean, weatherbeaten Gary Cooper rides into Skull Creek, Montana's wildest gold camp. A doctor, Cooper has left behind his wife's lover—dead, his wife—a suicide, and their home—destroyed by fire. Ahead is an equally formidable future. By rescuing Ben Piazza from town bully Karl Malden, Cooper becomes an eventual candidate for lynching. When he saves Maria Schell's life, faith-healer George Scott swears he'll get Cooper. Then, of course, Maria, a volcano of sex in her own *saftig* way, adores the cold, distant poker-playing medico. All the smouldering violence flares up when Malden, addled by drink and lust, calls on Maria who happens to be wearing nothing but a slip and a terrified expression. Just in the nick of time Cooper arrives, but the chain reaction of violence gets out of control. Nerves are rubbed raw in this filmfare that turns out brutality on the assembly line basis. (Warner Bros.)

The Horse's Mouth

IT would be simply marvelous if geniuses had free rein and were really appreciated. If that were so, artist Alec Guinness would never have gotten into such outlandish difficulties. All his former paintings sold to a shrewd collector for a mere pittance, there is still one painting left, and it's this one gem that can get Guinness out of hock. En route to solvency, two items sidetrack him: his former wife who has the painting hidden away, and several large uncluttered walls. Guinness has a passion for walls. To him, they are the canvas on which art can sweep the mind free of conventional thought and make it see

continued on page 74

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the essence rather than the form. When he happens upon a blank wall belonging to a wealthy art patron off to South America, sheer bliss envelopes Guinness, and disaster befalls the posh apartment. Unlike most great artists, however, Guinness doesn't have to wait until after death to be appreciated. Unusually brilliant Technicolor comedy that again shows Guinness is quite possibly the greatest actor of our day. (United Artists.)

Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw

THIS kids the Technicolor levis off most run-of-the-mill Westerns. Kenneth More, always a delight to watch, appears as the heir to a foundering firearm dynasty. Vague in most matters, More is certain that fair play and good sportsmanship will see one through every disaster. These traits plus a sample case of guns are all More has when he arrives in a rootin' tootin' Western frontier town to revive the family fortunes. More finds America a fascinating challenge. An Indian uprising, a corrupt town, two cattle tycoons warring, and Jayne Mansfield all are tamed by the displaced Briton. Without Jayne's grotesque proportions assaulting your eyes, this would have been a sparkling satire—as is, there's too much of the girl, in every way. (20th Century-Fox.) **END**

Teenage Crisis

continued from page 39

I was prudish, and, in a crowd, I had a feeling people were laughing at me. Some girls, who were a little reserved, didn't like to have me around, or I thought they didn't. I felt like a misfit.

"Dozens of times I had to remind myself, 'Do what you believe is right, and don't worry about results!' "

Eva Marie learned a lot from her parents, but she has learned from others, too. One of her favorite teachers is Alfred Hitchcock, director of her current MGM picture, "North By Northwest."

"When pressure builds up on the set," she says, "Mr. Hitchcock soothes us with, 'Remember, it's only a movie,' and I can't think of wiser advice. I say to myself whenever tension sets in, 'Remember, it's only a movie.'

"And I've convinced myself that movies aren't the only thing in life. Here, in Hollywood, there is a terrible tendency to get so wrapped up in motion pictures that you lose your perspective. You begin to feel that a bad scene or a bad review is the end of the world. You get completely out of balance.

"But by remembering, 'It's only a movie,' and that I am so richly blessed in my private life, I can relax and stay rational. If I've too much to do at one time, I select the most important thing and do that first, remembering that I can do no more than my best. Then I take the next thing and do that. And, wonder of wonders, before the day is over, I accomplish everything I'd hoped to, calmly and without nervous exhaustion."

Eva Marie is the wife of talented, young director Jeffrey Hayden and the mother of two children, Darrell, three years old, and Laurette, born last July. And her home is her surest refuge from trouble.

"I make only two pictures a year," she explains, "so I'm not away from the children often. But after a day's work, I find the greatest relaxation in getting home and playing with them."

Miss Saint looked perfectly relaxed as she moved about her pretty pink and white dressing room at MGM, removing a drooping rose from a handsome cluster on the coffee table. The dressing room itself is a storied place, once assigned to Joan Crawford, to Kathryn Grayson and to Judy Garland.

"Yes," she says, "in spite of all my philosophy for handling pressures, I do get nervous sometimes. I can't stand a charged atmosphere. When people around me are on edge, I get that way, too. My husband can tell when I'm tensing. He says I laugh too much. Some people cry because of nerves, I laugh.

"But when I get home, I can slip right out of my problems. Yesterday, for example, when I got home I was edgy. Jeffrey was working on his play, and I had two hours alone with the children. We talked and romped, and then suddenly I realized I was relaxed and refreshed.

"Darrell is a very sensitive little boy. Sometimes he'll say to me, 'Mamma, are you unhappy?'

" 'No, baby,' I'll say, 'I'm not unhappy . . . just tired.'

" 'Then,' he'll say, 'I'm tired, too. Let's take a rest together.'

"And that's what we'll do. I have so much to be happy about that I simply can't let work upset me. That's why I take long vacations between pictures. My family is the most important thing in my life."

EVA MARIE, with hubby Jeffrey Hayden, says, "Everything you learn is valuable."

Eva Marie, like all stars, has found that success brings penalties . . . more demands on her time, less privacy . . . and, sometimes, she and her husband recall their lean days in Greenwich Village with nostalgia.

"Remember how nice it was on Ninth Street?" they say to each other.

But Miss Saint is too realistic to discount the problems of Ninth Street.

"I don't know when the pressures are greater," she says, "when you're a success or when you're a failure. Now I look back to Greenwich Village and think, 'Ah, those were the carefree days!', but they really weren't.

"Then I was working only part of the time, a small part. And I worried. I worried about jobs and money and my career. Actually, I was self-centered, because all my worries were centered in me. My point of view has changed, now. I'm not so conscious of personal success or failure . . . but, if I hadn't been successful, I might still worry about the same things."

The story of Miss Saint's success points another moral, she asserts.

"Everything you learn is valuable. You never know when it will serve you. For example, if I hadn't been a high school cheerleader, I might never have become an actress."

"My first job," she continues, "was doing a commercial for Keds . . . and I got it because I could lead cheers. I dressed up in a cheerleader's costume and did this."

And here, to the astonishment of a fascinated publicist and a writer, poised Eva Marie Saint flung herself into a vigorous pep-squad routine.

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And with this last, enthusiastic endorsement, she swivelled her arms, leaped in the air, and flung back her head in the best "fight, team, fight" tradition.

"Several girls auditioned for the job," she says, "but I was the most experienced cheerleader in the crowd. That commercial lead to several more until I decided, 'If I'm going to do this sort of thing, I'd better find out what it's all about.' So I studied dramatics."

Every experience, she's discovered, can be profitable. You learn from everyone you meet . . . everything you do. And each day, she lives with tomorrow uppermost in her mind.

"I think the best way to cope with a problem is to understand why it exists. If the cause is outside yourself, don't worry about it. Do your best, and you can do no more. If the cause is within yourself, the same remedy applies. Do your best, and the problem may disappear." **END**

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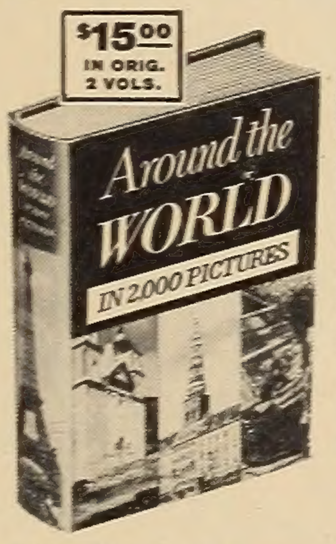

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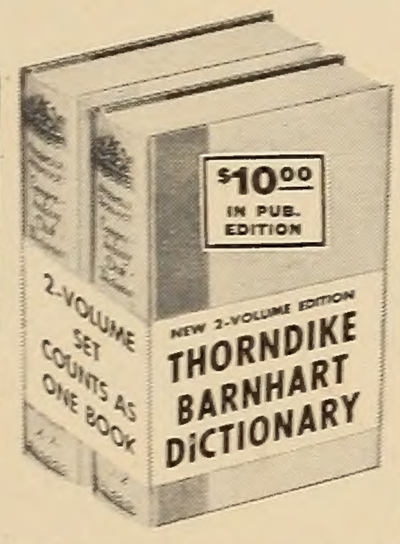

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